

## SOUL THOUGHTS

From the Spiritual Diary of Madame Guyon.

God does not establish His great works except upon "The nothings." He destroys in order to build.

It is then in dying to all things, and in truly losing one's self as regards them, to pass into God and to submit only in Him, that one has some intelligence of the true wisdom.

I cannot endure people saying that we are free to resist grace. I have had too long and sad experience of my liberty.

When I believed myself lost without resource, it was then I found myself saved. When I no longer hoped anything from myself, I found all in my God. In losing all the gifts I found the Giver.

All our welfare—spiritual, temporal and eternal—consists in abandoning ourselves to God, leaving Him to do in us and with us all that shall please Him, with so much greater willingness as things satisfy us less, so that by this dependence upon the Spirit of God, all is given us and in the hand of God all serves us.

The misfortune too often is that we wish to conduct God, far from allowing ourselves to be conducted by Him. We wish to point out a road, in place of blindly following that which He traces for us; and this is the cause why many souls which would be destined to enjoy even God in Himself, and not His gifts in them, pass all their life in running after little consolations and feasting on them, confining themselves to that, and even making their happiness consist in that.

Oh, Love, I love your righteousness so, and your pure glory that without regarding myself and my own interest, I place myself on its side against myself; I strike when it will strike.

## Present Day Pass.

The fastest of the British torpedo-boat destroyers is the Empress, which recently attained a speed of thirty-seven knots an hour.

In front of Mr. Gladstone's bed at Hawarden hangs an illuminated text—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

A German Socialist who said that a manifesto urging all parties to unite against Socialist candidates was a mean document, was sent to prison for two weeks. No wonder so many Germans seek the free regime of the British and American flags.

The Templar, of Hamilton, Canada's Prohibition paper, after a leave fight has passed out of existence. The Templar has been an unwavering friend of the Salvation Army and its War Cry. We sincerely regret the disappearance of so sturdy a companion from the field of social reform.

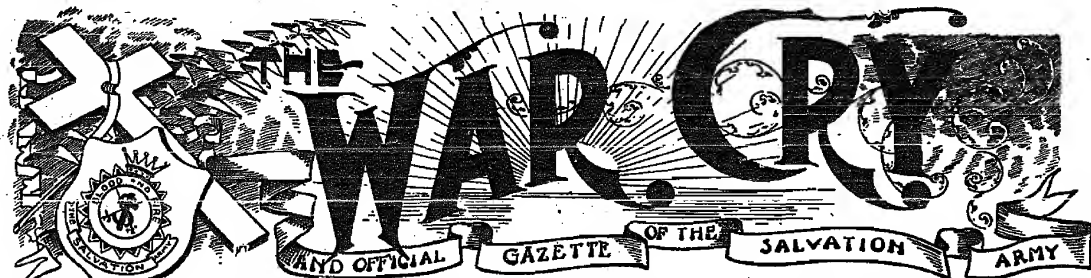
The just-formed Anglo-American committee for better relations between the British Empire and the U. S. A. is the most influential body of leaders of public opinion ever created in Britain for action in foreign relations. It has in it forty members of Parliament, as many Dukes and Earls, four Archbishops, leaders of all the non-conformist bodies, heads of nearly all the colleges and great public schools, and many other men of high standing. The league makes a close approach to the throne through the Duke of Fife and the Marquis of Lorne.

The London Correspondent of the New York Times in a recent letter states that "the ritualistic section of the Church of England is the only one which has any real hold on the popular affection." And so gives the reason. "It is full of comfort to men and women who actually live in poverty and devote their lives to a tireless work among the sick and unfortunate in the poorer parts of the big cities with truly something of the Medival Assist spirit." This practical life of their activity has given them a enormous prestige among the poor. This is the religion of Matthew xxv, 31-36, and always attracts men's admiration, even if it does not secure their heart's submission to Christ."

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.

WE must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ to give an account of the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or evil.

GOD'S answer to the rich egotist: "Thou fool! This night shall thy soul be required of thee. Then whose shall those things be?"



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"WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES AND FOUND WANTING."

A Self-made Man—SELF all through. Every speculation successful—all for number one, BUT when weighed in the balances against a good life, he cannot begin to turn the scale.

## LOVE DROPS.

J. McD. K.

THE Spirit-filled life is just the opposite of the self-filled life.

It should not take a Christian long to decide which motto he will have.

The gold, silver and precious stones will abide the fire of the Judgment Day.

The low level life is unsatisfactory here, and will be a failure hereafter.

Keep in the current of the Divine will, and burdens will be blessings and duties, and pleasures will be pleasures.

Spiritual advancement, soul satisfaction, and abiding heart rest is the normal condition of all who are made perfect in love.

It is abundantly plain from Scripture, that for the regenerated soul, there is in Christ another blessing over and above being born of the Spirit, spoken of as the fullness of the Spirit.

The Spirit-filled life considers Jesus, serves Jesus, pleases Jesus, lives for Jesus, works for Jesus, and is ready to lay down the life for Jesus. The opposite life serves self, considers self, and lives to please self.

## TIPS FOR TALKERS.

## Get Past the Crab Apples.

ASTENTLEMAN was invited into a garden to taste the apples. "No," he said, "I would rather not," and being often asked to partake, and yet refusing, the owner said, "I guess you've a prejudice against my Apples."

"Yes," said the man, "I have tasted a few of them and they are very sour."

"But which," said he, "did you taste?"

"Why, those apples which will not do the work of the hedge."

"Ah, yes," said the owner, "they are as sour as crab." I planted them for the good of the boys, but if you come into the middle of the lot you will find a different flavor"—and so it was.

Now, just around the border of religion, along the outer edge, there are some very sour apples, of conviction, self-denial, humiliation and self-despair, planted on purpose to keep off hypocrites and mere professors; but in the midst of the garden are luscious fruits, mellow to the taste, and sweet as nectar.

## Like Ripe Indian Corn.

IN passing through the great fields of Indian corn in some Western States, one observes that the ears which are small and green and not filled out, stand perfectly erect upon the stalk, while the ears that are ripe and brown and weighed down with golden grain, bend over, so that the husk forms an umbrella, completely protecting the fruit. The best people are like that. Laden with the fruits of Christian Experience, they bend low with humility and a sense of unworthiness. As they fly home to their homes, their thighs laden with pollen, which they shake off, and never looking behind fly away again for another land, leaving it for others to pick the pollen away in the fields, so the true Christian forgets those things which are behind and reaches forth unto those things which are before. It is a good trait to do all the good you can, to all the people you can, and make as little fuss about it as you can.

## Doomed to Die for One Sin.

MAJOR ANDER, the British spy, was condemned to death death by American court-martial. Probably Washington never set his hand to a document which cost him a more severe struggle than that caused by the death-warrant of Andler. But the safety of the young Republic would not permit the deed of mercy. Its very life hung in a trembling scale. Twenty Arnold might have been the fruit of murdering one Andler. "Therefore," said the command-in-chief, "He is a spy. By the laws of war, his life is forfeit. He must die." And die he did.

What about the traitors to Christ? If THEY all died there would be a great many extra funeral processions.

## The Astronomy of Holiness.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY PSALM.

By ARTHUR BOOTH-OLIBORN, Commissioner.

HOW AND WHY.  
"First Principles."

SOME of my readers may have half forgotten the "first principles" of "astronomy" learnt when they were "children." We have all been busy since then. And as this poem has for its object the illustration and expression of the most vital of all truths: the duty of universal love, and exhortation to experience or state of soul which all may enjoy if they will pay the price, it may be of practical service to a few readers to refresh their memories as regards the heavens and the law, and the laws which govern them. This will facilitate an understanding of the spiritual truths here set forth.

I therefore recall, below, some of the elementary facts of astronomy.

This song having been born not of theory but of personal experience, and on aspects of holiness observed in others' lives, justifies the hope that it may give birth to the experience of heart-holiness in others.

Those to whom it would be merely interesting as a new theory had better not read it. Truth either saves or damns by adding or condensing.

I offer this song as an act of worship to Him who woke it in my soul when in worship alone with Him. It may help some in spiritual solitude, inward or outward.

Intense worship demands intense words, and gives birth to them, for both come from God. May these words in their turn give birth to the worship of sacrifice, uttermost sacrifice for the sake of the lost, and thus return to HIM, from whence they came, as the wind which bloweth where it listeth.

That is why I call them a psalm. If no music is found in the soul to which this psalm can be sung, and yet the WILL to worship be there—the EFFORT to worship by the use of these words may in their help in the tuning of the soul up to their pitch.

That is the double object of all psalms. Born of love their object is to give birth to love, by the expression of love.

**The Stars and Worlds of Space.**

THE STARS are all suns like our own. Our sun is more than a million times larger than this earth, and yet Sirius, the Dog Star, is nearly three thousand times the size of our sun. Some 50 million stars are visible from our globe. Most of them are incomparably larger than the immense luminary which pours such floods of light and heat over our world across the intervening distance of 91 million miles.

THE PLANETS, the "worlds of space," revolve round these suns. Some have probably "green fields" like our own. The stars round which they move are themselves, like our sun, moving round or towards some infinitely distant point. SPACE is the infinite void in which

they all live and move. It is supposed by some to be filled with an infinitely thin something, called ether, and by others to be utter emptiness.

ATTRACTION OR GRAVITATION is the law by which they all move. It acts upon them according to their distance and mass.

Each sun attracts or draws its planets powerfully towards itself. But as the speed they have acquired impels them onward with a force counterbalancing their tendency to rush towards their centre, they are kept ever moving in a circle, that centre in their fixed orbit or path. Attraction thus gives them life or movement, they being passively yielded to its sway. This force, by animating their weight, so to speak, keeps them regular and punctual, and maintains them in their place as regards the centre and as regards each other.

When a planet in its course approaches another, or when a comet passes near, they all bend slightly from their path in obedience to a mutual attraction, while at the same time remaining faithful to their own particular course.

SPEED.—Our world is rushing through space at the rate of more than fifteen hundred miles a minute, and yet how "peaceful" are its landscapes and its "green fields."

THE DISTANCES in space are so great that the rays of light now falling upon our eye from one of those stars, left that star before the time of Abraham, though it has been ever since travelling at the rate of more than 11 million miles a minute—and though a ray travelling at that speed only takes eight minutes to reach us from our sun.

Out in the void, at an infinite distance and in deep darkness, are said to be worlds which, being beyond the pale of any effective influence on the part of a sun or its planets, are deprived of all life, either the life of movement or of vegetable or animal life upon their surfaces.

## Nineteenth Century.

These astronomical facts being chiefly of modern discovery, I call this a nineteenth century poem. All knowledge should—as in the days of Job, David, and Solomon—turn to worship and praise; otherwise it turns merely to self-pleasure and pride. When knowledge and obedience do not keep pace, increased knowledge is simply increased sin, increased hardness of heart, and surer damnation. It therefore the absence of HOLINESS—or absolute obedience to God—could he more criminal in one century than in another, surely it must be, in a century in which the character of the Creator and of His laws, as manifested in nature, are more fully and more widely known than at any preceding period.

But when with all their science and civilization men are as rebellious as ever in their rebellion not to surrender to God, when they are much as ever "lovers of pleasure" when true reverence for the Almighty, true humility, true worship, and

"walking in the Spirit" are as unfashionable as ever, are not God's people called to experience and to testify that ABSOLUTE obedience to the Creator is not only possible, but that it is the highest of all pleasures, and that the greatest of all luxuries is to be "pure in heart" and live a life of self-sacrifice for the salvation of the lost?

Should they not be able to testify to the truth of Christ's words that God can clothe the soul with a beauty equal to that of the lilies of the field? Should they not be able to tell the feverish, passion-tossed worldling, that the sensation of restfulness and peace which descends upon man as he looks up into the starry heavens at night, is destined to be not only above him, or around him in nature, but also IN him?

Should they not be able to assure him that life under the law of love is one of as perfect freedom as that of those glorious worlds of space, and that the fully surrendered soul obeys that law from preference and with delight?

Should they not be able to tell those whose inward world lies in the Egyptian darkness of sin that they can walk in "everlasting light" with "no condemnation," but with the blue sky of the love of God stretching ever above their souls; and that to those who "love God with all their hearts" HIS WILL appears just like that blue sky—without divisions or compartments, all parts being alike, all equally good—so that they cannot choose their lot, prefer any comfort or reject any cross, but see GOD ALONE in all the dispensations of His providence, accepting with equal facility all manifestations of the "good and perfect and acceptable will of God"—thus enjoying the peace which passeth all understanding.

Instead of trying to make religion "attractive" as Constantine did by introducing a semi-pagan or worldly element which appeals to the senses and to the carnal mind, should they not rather seek to make it attractive by the "beauty of holiness?"

When Christ has become the one centre of attraction and rules and reigns in our inward heavens, then our one mission is to manifest HIM to the world and raise HIM up that He may "draw all men unto Him."

This is the object of this article.

## The Analogy Embodied in This Psalm.

It must be remembered that no analogy or metaphor drawn from the field of nature can illustrate spiritual truth with absolute exactness, the spiritual world being a higher one; nevertheless nature is a book full of pictures or images of spiritual things from which Christ Himself drew many of His illustrations.

The parallels here used as to the creation of worlds or the winning of them by attraction, allude of course to the dawn of creation long ago, though illustrating very exactly what DOES happen NOW as regards SOULS.

And, oh! the worth of a soul! Is not each, in a sense, worth the Christ, since it took the life of the Christ to purchase it?

Reader . . . YOUR . . . soul . . . ?

## DAILY MESSAGES

From the Syriac Version of the New Testament.

Sunday.—A chosen vessel, to carry My name, Acts xi. 15.

Monday.—Called and sent by Jesus Messiah in the good pleasure of God. I Cor. i. 1.

Tuesday.—Not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Myself should be inefficient. I Cor. i. 17.

Wednesday.—That your faith might not arise from the wisdom of men, but from the power of God. I Cor. ii. 5.

Thursday.—For a discourse concerning the cross by which you perish, foolishness. I Cor. i. 18.

Friday.—Lo, hath not God showed us the wisdom of this world is folly? I Cor. i. 20.

Saturday.—God hath chosen the foolishness of this world to shame the wise. I Cor. i. 27.

FLAVORED MILK.—We need read of an Irishman who said he was so fond of milk: "I can drink twenty tumblers a day, if ye only put a little dash of whiskey in, so that the strong taste of the milk wouldn't be so palatable." Is it like many modern religionists: they do not desire the pure milk of the Word; they want it so flavored with modern thought, or worldly wisdom, that they can drink it all. Why not be honest, and have their intoxicating spirits without mixing them with Christian doctrine and religious cant?

## Self or

(See From)

WE believe the rich in this faith and helps God, but they are GOD HOW THEY MONEY AND HOV

The Word of God are two appointments man which he must The first with the Judgment, and a man if he gain t lose his own soul?

Successful speculation series of deals by his fellow-men are for a man to bring Bar in place of 2 truth.

A tramp asked a about to take lunch for a bit of bread handed the tramp bread and then said "our Father" in his meal.

Did you call G queried the tramp "Yes," replied he "Then, if God is o be brothers?" queried

"That's so," asserted "Well then give that big chunk of b don't put me off wi said the tramp.

Just at this point in the frontispiece where the rich man failed—he neglected gate—he failed to lo himself.

Some years ago California ship, one fastened a belt about gold in it. Just as he was about to know he could not child.

He hesitated. Then he dashed o and threw it from "Put your arms ar said, and dashed in. Both were saved.

If it is your gold will you save? Self

## Stub End

—Major Osborne States from England

—When writing I use a separate piece subject.

—Adjutant McLean of East Ontario, has down East.

—Major Friedrich Klondike is largely American Cry.

—Major Chandler to take charge of Home Work in the

—It will be wise speak gifts for the while out visiting an

—Brigadier Bennett officers to get the vigorously take up coming Harvest Fest

—The biggest man converted when Adj District Officer, visit nights ago. The rol drove a free bus fro

—Captain Stubbs Camp grounds, whi gregations up, cons

—Captain Stubbs Brangan are quite a these sick comrades from the front ma keep our corps offic

—Owing to the fa Blackburn has been District Headquarters and has also had a gments in Central O impossible to arrange in connection with changes. He thereto pro tem of the Pict



Life, and the Life More Abundant.

God has more for His children than the "manna" of religion: He has the grapes, figs, honey and corn of perfect love, joy, peace, and Pentecostal fullness of the

Spirit. He invites to-day, saying, "Eat, O friends, drink, ye, drink abundantly O beloved; let your soul delight itself in fullness!" Hallelujah!



## Self or Christ.

(See Frontispiece.)

WE believe there are men who are rich in this world's goods, rich in faith and heirs of the Kingdom of God, but they are not afraid to TELL GOD HOW THEY GOT THEIR MONEY AND HOW THEY USE IT.

The Word of God tells us that there are two appointments made for every man which he must inevitably keep. The first with Death, the second at the Judgment, and what shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul?

Successful speculations and a long series of deals by which he outwitted his fellow-men are but poor records for a man to bring to the Judgment Bar in place of justice, mercy and truth.

A tramp asked a workman, who was about to take lunch on the roadside, for a bit of bread. The workman handed the tramp a small piece of bread, and then bowing his head asked "our Father" in heaven to bless the meal.

"Did you call God 'our Father'?" queried the tramp.

"Yes," replied the workman.

"Then, if God is our Father, we must be brothers," said the tramp again.

"That's so," asserted the workman. "Well then give your brother half that big chunk of bread and meat, and don't put me off with this little piece," said the tramp.

Just at this point in the scene the man in the frontispiece has faded. This is where the rich man of the Gospel failed—he neglected the man at the gate—he failed to love his neighbor as himself.

Some years ago in the wreck of a California ship, one of the passengers fastened a belt about him with \$200 in gold in it. Just then a little girl, weeping bitterly, implored his help. He knew he could not save both gold and child.

He hesitated.

Then he dashed off the belt of gold and threw it from him into the surf. "Put your arms around my neck," he said, and dashed into the sea.

Both were saved.

If it is your gold or your soul, which will you save? Self or Christ?

## Stub Ends of News.

—Major Osborne has arrived in the States from England.

—When writing for the War Cry, use a separate piece of paper for each subject.

—Adjutant McLean and Ensign Kerr, of East Ontario, have been appointed down East.

—Major Brindley's article on the Klondike is largely reproduced in the American Cry.

—Major Chandler has been appointed to take charge of the Men's Training Home Work in the States.

—It will be wise for officers to bespeak gifts for the Harvest Festival while out visiting and War Cry selling.

—Rivadler Bennett recommends his officers to get the Band of Love to vigorously take up the work for the coming Harvest Festival.

—The biggest man in Newmarket got converted when Adjutant Byron, the District Officer, visited the corps a few nights ago. The following Sunday he drove a free bus from the town to the Camp grounds, which helped the congregations up considerably.

—Captain Stubbs is quite sick; Captain Taylor has been compelled to go on extended furlough through complications arising from an old complaint. Captain Lizzie and Mary Branigan are quite sick also. Pray for these sick comrades, whose absence from the front makes it difficult to keep our corps officered.

—Owing to the fact that Adjutant Blackburn has been at almost every District Headquarters in East Ontario, and has also had a good many appointments in Central Ontario, it has been impossible to appoint him to a District in connection with the East Ontario changes. He therefore takes command pro tem of the Platoon corps.

## THE FIELD COMMISSIONER IN RAGS AND OTHERWISE, AT PETERBORO.



HE fierce rays of the light that ruled the day beat down like burning heat upon us, with not as much as a breeze to moderate its intensity—the perspiration streamed off our brows and dropped off the bandmen's hair into the dry, dusty road. The Wisconsin who had celebrated their Annual Meet on Dominion Day at Peterboro were arranging for an excursion down the river, which drew many people—the Volunteers, with scarlet coats and white helmets, were parading in the afternoon. The Commissioner, who was to consider it was a source of surprise that the crowds turned out so well to the three meetings conducted by the Field Commissioner in Peterboro.

There was a splendid crowd to commend the holiness meeting with in the morning. The Commissioner from the very start gripped the attention of all, as well as compelled the minds of Christians and soldiers to turn to an inward review of their spiritual experiences. The necessity of having a clean heart was the burden of the Commissioner's talk, and she appealed especially to those who once professed its blessing, to seek it again.

"Have you lost the testimony of a clean heart? I do not ask whether you look like it, or dress like it, or act like it—no!—have you lost your inward possession of it? Have you fallen from its heights, have you broken its pledges? In your fire, your zeal, your toil less and yet seems harder than they used to be? If this is so with you, then you have fallen, fallen! In the brightness of your first love you went up towards the heavens.

With the Brilliance of a Day-Moon.

But like it, after its burst of sparkling stars, you have gone down in grey ashes."

In her well-known persistent and convincing manner, the Commissioner forced the truth home in every heart, and the practical results were seen by a number at the penitent form seeking the blessing of a clean heart, one or two having come for salvation.

The crowd in the afternoon was pronounced by the Sergeant-Major as the largest for a very long time back, and considering the very excessive heat, I would add, they gave exceptionally close attention all through the meeting. The Field Commissioner introduced three of her adopted family: Willie, Pearl and Winnie—the latter being the latest arrival, having not yet mastered her vocal lessons was disqualified from public singing. In spite of her personal convictions that she was quite able to do so. The very appearance of these three white-robed darlings conjured a fluttering smile upon every face, while the songs of Pearl and Willie, with their penetrating sweetness and distinct pronunciation, evoked much applause.

Miss Booth's remarks were largely meant for Christians and backsliders. Every detail of the text was turned to advantage by serving to illustrate some spiritual truth, to bring out some useful point, to clear up some perplexity or doubt in some person's mind and to show

Just Why that Backslider had Lost His Field of God.

The varied and changing expressions of the audience plainly told how much

—Adjutant and Mrs. Stanyon visited Newmarket to conduct the concluding services in connection with the Ten Days' Camp Meetings held there. The Camp was pitched a mile and a half from the town right in the bush. The tent was filled both at the afternoon and evening services on Sunday. The meetings were times of power and blessing. Three souls sought salvation.

—Adjutant Goodwin, that veteran from the North-West comes to Ottawa and will be assisted by Captain Vance. —Adjutant Alkenhead from the East, takes command of the Peterboro Corps and District. —At Montreal Corps Adjutant Burditt, that old veteran of the fame, will hold the reins. —Ensign Allen, from Montreal, goes

the talk was appreciated, and how deep the truth had struck and found a response in many hearts.

The high temperature sunk somewhat towards evening and the large hall was well filled with a rather superior-looking audience. "Stop, poor sinner, stop and think before you further go," was the opening song, the excellent brass band playing it with good effect. The singing of this old hymn brought an appropriate feeling into the meeting from the very beginning. After prayer Adjutant Morris soloed "And yet He will thy sins forgive," which has blessed innumerable souls in its sweep round the Territory. Willie and Pearl were again present to contribute their share to the success of the meeting by singing their duet, "Jesus bids us shine with a bright clear light," followed by Willie's latest acquisition, "I'm on the rock at last."

The Commissioner preceded her address by singing two verses of "My sins rose as high as a mountain," which she did in her own impressive and characteristic way, commenting between the verses upon the vastness of God's forgiveness by striking similitudes. She accompanied herself on the concertina while Adjutant Morris played seconds on the mandoline with good effect.

Masterly, passionate and pointed was the Commissioner's address at night. The purpose, the power, and the plea of Calvary's passion was declared with a strength of conviction, tenderness of persuasion, and wisdom of illustration which laid hold of the conscience of the crowd with exceptional force. Sinners trembled with terror and contrition. An almost painful attention at times pervaded the audience. It was a time of great heart-searching, in which many weighed up the worth of their own hearts attitude before God and found out wherein it lacked in the Heavenly scale.

The band did good service in the prayer meeting by accompanying a number of the songs, and the soldiers stuck to their knees well.

A Little Boy Led the Way

to the penitent form, followed after a stiff fight by several others, but many deeply convicted sinners and backsliders stoutly refused to yield to all the pleading brought to bear upon them from the platform and by the many fishers. The total of the Sunday's meetings amounted to twelve souls.

If I were asked to describe the Monday night's meeting in a few words, I would say nearly three hours of unslackening attention, laughter, tears, songs, applause and of the most thrilling emotions. It was announced as "Miss Booth in rags," and as everywhere where it had been held, all those present were liberal in their expression of appreciation. You hear the old but ever new expression, "I would not have missed it for anything," from every lip. In speaking of her slim experience and dressed in her garment as she used to wear in the slums, Miss Booth is invincible and so away the crowds that they forget time and place and are surprised when they find out that they have been listening for two hours to an address.

Ensign Kerr was untiring in her care to make the Commissioner comfortable at her quarters, and the soldiers and bandmen turned out well at all the meetings. God bless Peterboro!

B. F.

another, and this time a worthy sister, in the person of Lieutenant Lalonde receives a mark of recognition and becomes Captain at Renfrew.—Captain Stanforth with Lieutenant Randall to assist, takes command of the Armory Corps.—Lieutenant Dawson goes to Pembroke, whilst Lieutenants O'Neil, of Odessa, and Williams, of Millbrook, change over.—Lieutenant Bacon becomes second to Ensign Staiger.—Lieutenant Carter goes in the same capacity to Adjutant Ogilvie, and Captain Brindley, to Campbellford.—There are more to follow and the following have received farewell orders: Captains McIntyre and Findlay, Lieutenants Owen and Beecher. Captain Greene also farewells from Gananogue.—Hot-Sour.

—Adjutant Manton spent Monday and Tuesday at Newmarket Camp, and had the joy of seeing a backslider come and renew his covenant, and there was joy among the angels over one sinner that repented. "Return ye backsliding children, and I will heal ALL your backslidings."

## STRAIGHT TALK FROM THE OLD BOOK.

"I will come near to you to judgment, and I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers, and against the adulterers, and against false swearers, and against those that oppress (deceitful) the hireling in his wages, the widow, and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right and fear not me, saith the Lord of Hosts."—Malachi iii. 6.

W HILE my friend stood off and threatened punishment for wrong-doing I did not feel very much concerned. There was "no need to meet trouble half way;" but when he CAME NEAR I became alarmed—and not without cause.

He had both the will, the power, and the opportunity to punish, and of course HE DID IT.

Sinner! have you continued undisturbed at the Heavenly Father's threatenings because they appear afar off? He says "I WILL COME NEAR to judgment." Be aroused and repent. His coming near is the greatest privilege of His "dear children." Why will you meet the Judge as any other than a Friend and Father?

If you refuse to be saved by Him, know that there is no getting away from His condemnation.

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place beholding the evil and the good."

"Seeing is believing." No circumstantial evidence here. You have been seen in the commission of your sin, and the ONE WHO SAW YOU SINNING WILL BE A SWIFT WITNESS AGAINST YOU.

Did you think the sins done out of the gaze of the public eye were to be hidden forever? "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed," and "God shall judge the secrets of men."

The Lord mentions particularly some characters. "Sorcerers, adulterers, and those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow, and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right and fear not me, saith the Lord of Hosts."

If you are one you know. Are you rendering to evil spirits that which belongs only to the Good Spirit?

"Adulterers." No use mincing the term. The damnable thing is crawling about in secret under the very shadow of the places dedicated to God's worship. Sometimes it even raises its brazen face before men and gets itself condoned by the guilty crowd. THIS EVIL MUST BE DENOUNCED. See Eph. v. 5; 1 Tim. i. 10; Heb. xiii. 14; Rev. xxi. 8; Rev. xiii. 15. Oh, let the voice of God through His Word, be enough to turn you to repentance.

Lying is a horrible sin. He who lies in ordinary affairs will lie when placed

FALSE SWEARERS, on oath in a court of law. Lying is the coward's sin. A man void of "manly" with a "gelatinous backbone"—lies as a convenient way of getting out of the responsibilities his former actions have brought upon him. A MAN would face it out and endure the result, even though he die. It is all fudge to say "a man must live, even if he has to tell lies to do it."

Another characteristic of a lie is its inability to stand alone. One lie—nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand—necessitates another, and so on till the first lie stands like the apex of a pyramid supported by an innumerable brood of other lies, all of them to be revealed at last in the white light of the Judgment Throne of

Christ, and then—you can supply the rest, since your destiny will be only an extension—a working out of the character you take with you when the "Swift Witness" testifies and the Judge condemns.

Say, did you think God took any account of the wages OPPRESSORS. you paid your employees? He does. The wages question is not only in the hands of the Unions. God takes sides on that question. He declares He will be a swift witness against "those"—that is not only one employer, it may mean many, a corporation—it is certainly "those who oppress the hireling in his wages,"—"the widow and the fatherless."

How much of this oppression—to an extent that we Westerners can scarcely believe—has been done in the Eastern lands only the Judgment Day will declare. But the groanings of the oppressed are not forgotten. He also heard the groanings of His people in Egypt and has heard the cry of every down-trodden boy, girl, man and woman during all the long years of the people's sorrow. He has recorded His hatred of it, and for those who will not listen to His voice as teacher, He has promised RETRIBUTION. He is not the present war with Spain an illustration of the working out of that law?

God remembers the stranger. Aye, though he be but a "ramp," a poor old STRANGER. "humpdown," "humpdown his bluey," as the Australians express it, from one place to another in search of work. "He has no friends." Hasten't he? The Swift Witness is his friend. 3,600 years ago He recognized that the "stranger" had rights, and warned His people not to infringe upon those rights. "Thou shalt neither vex a stranger, nor oppress him." Ex-xiii. 21 and xxiii. 9.

This charge is LAST on the LIST. It is FIRST in "AND FEAR FACT. He who fears not God is not likely to respect men. Love to God is the real source of love to man. Whoever really loves God will find that love bursting out from him in loving words and deeds towards that being who was made in the image of the God he loves. The love of the Father begets the love of His children.

Reader, do not be fooled. The Judgment Day is as sure to come as death. God, who never lies, says it, and the universe will collapse before His word shall be broken. Aye, you ask, "Will you meet God at the Judgment as a law-breaker, or will you now repent and ask His forgiveness?" Christ died for the ungodly. YOU, and for Christ's sake YOU MAY HAVE PARDON NOW. Ask, for the Greatest Authority has said, "He that asketh, receiveth."

#### [For Our Boys.] A LIE'S A LIE.

MR. JONES was a man who always told the exact truth, and the same regard for truth which he practiced himself, he demanded of those whom he employed.

When Harry Leith secured a position in his office, every one said it was a splendid chance for a boy. If he suited Mr. Jones he was sure to work his way up, to some responsible position in time. His father cautioned him about his conduct before he began work.

"Remember," he said, "that Mr. Jones is very particular about truthfulness. He is as particular about it in small matters as in large ones. Keep this always in your mind."

Mr. Leith was anxious to impress the importance of absolute veracity on his son, because he knew that he was inclined to be somewhat lax in this respect.

For a time Harry profited by his father's advice. Then he began to get careless. It was not long before Mr. Jones satisfied himself that Harry's statements could not be implicitly relied on. Then he said to him:

"We must part company. I have no use for a boy whose word I cannot have entire confidence in."

"Do you mean to say I have lied to you?" asked Harry indignantly.

"You may not call it lying," was the reply. "Some people smooth it over with their conscience by calling such things 'white lies.' I don't. I consider a lie a lie, no matter what its degree. I'm sorry we cannot get along together, but we cannot—for I cannot trust you."

So Harry lost his "splendid chance." Remember, boys, whether you call it black or white, a lie's a lie.

## MISS BOOTH With Her "Queen City" Soldiers.

DESPITE the many pressing public claims made upon the Field Commissioner, and the thousand and one other matters of primary importance to the Territory awaiting her consideration and settlement since returning from the West, Miss Booth has made time to meet at certain centres her city soldiers, all of whom must know that they are held in a very warm corner of her great and humane woman's heart; and whose hearts are in return taken possession of by a tender and deep-rooted affection for their heroic and versatile leader.

"Report the meetings, and get it all into one column," are my orders—a most difficult task indeed if I am to do anything like justice in description of the marrow and fatness of these blessed gatherings, to say nothing of their flesh, and bones, and sinews. They possess, however, four phases, should I say properties, which MUST be told.

### 1. Their First Impressions.

"That's right, we'll keep the doors closed, and allow nothing to disturb in, or to detract from our devotions. We are here on important—HIGHLY IMPORTANT—business. The eye of an critic is upon us. The cold indifferent influence of this poor, proud world is outside. No one but yourselves and your own comrades, your Commissioner and your God are here. HE has come to save, to bless, to comfort, to strengthen. We to open our hearts to Him, to sympathize, to love, to help and pray for each other. We shall better understand, and appreciate, and assist each other all the more in this great work after to-night. God is going to do great things for us."

Such were the expressions which the Commissioner desired and succeeded in making her soldiers feel as already commenced the first, and conducted and concluded the last of those special soldiers' meetings at the Llagar Street, Temple and Liverpool Street corps, but a few days ago.

### 2. Their Nature.

The fact that special tickets of admission had been printed and judiciously distributed among the soldiers, recruits and converts only, and that Staff-Captain Hargrave, the Sectional Commander, was standing at the door to extract from each would-be attendant the one and only passport, even to the exclusion of the staff, had already caused, ere the meetings began, quite a few wonderings as to what was coming on. "Are we to be thrilled with a glowing description of exciting and hair-breadth experiences of Miss Booth's recent trip with the Klondike Expedition to Skagway?" "Is some new scheme for the pushing forward of the war to be propounded?" or, "Is the Harvest Festival to be launched in some such novel fashion as was the Self-Denial in that wonderful Messy Hall triumph?" were questions that pressed themselves in upon many minds. But we shall soon see. The Chief Secretary has risen to his feet with song book in hand, with that determined expression upon his countenance, and that forcible swing of his right arm, so signally his own, and with witty sallies interspersed here and there, lines out and leads an opening song, such as "Bless me now," and "I believe Jesus saves," but while the swing of this leads in the direction of a spiritual "go," it does not altogether remove the query from the mind of

all present as to "what will be the end thereof?" A soldier and Brigadier Margetta have prayed, Mrs. Staff-Captain Hargrave has sung, and the Commissioner is on her feet. The way she grasps her favorite weapon—the Bible—quickly tells the tale. It is now certain we are to settle down to something sound and solid, without being stiff; to something interesting as well as being instructive; to something alive and quickening.

"Yesterday, to-day, forever Jesus is the same," with due prominence to the "yesterday and to-day," is sung and sung again, its meaning and bearing on our hearts and lives and work being acceptably enforced by the Field Commissioner.

Really enjoyable, profitable soul feasts, rich with spiritual manna, well seasoned with loving counsel and Christlike fellowship, and withal decorated by that eloquence and intellectual adorning which characteristically accompanies and crowns Miss Booth's efforts, is the nearest description I can give in the space allotted. "It was good to be there."

### 3. Their Direct Results.

Something happened. It could not be otherwise. Had these meetings been long planned for, and earnestly and fervently prayed over? Time and breath spent in believing prayer is not in vain. God's presence in the convincing influences of His spirit was at work in those hearts, where were lukewarmnesses, controversies, questionings and backslidings, as well as in comforting, strengthening and renewing power, in those hearts who were living "in the light."

As the result of this Divine working in harmonious accompaniment with the clear, simple, straight truth declared by His handmaid, the Field Commissioner, whose inspired utterances were evidently first prompted by the same Spirit.

### Thirty-one Precious Souls

knelt at the Mercy Seat claiming the "white robe" of a clean heart, in exchange for such garments hitherto worn as self-righteousness, jealousy, a non-forgiving spirit, and other similar besetments.

"Have you ever made a sensation—not by the sweet sound of your melodious voice, nor by the wonderful gifts or talents you possess, nor by your marvellous knowledge—but by the bare naked power of your sanctification?" "Have you ever possessed a CLEAN heart?" "Have you KEPT it?" were the kind of home-thrusts given. How could such seed sown under such influences fail to bring forth fruit speedily?

### 4. A Living Effect.

The inspiring influences did not die as the last benediction was pronounced by Colonel Jacobs. They are living yet, and will continue to live on in the increase of the already strongly expressed instant love among the soldiers for their leader, and for each other in their greater sympathy and oneness of spirit, of aim and purpose, in the corps soldiers and those soldiers who compose the Headquarters Staff as the result of the better understanding of their diversified workings and duties, and I venture to predict that in more willing, daring, out-and-out effort to save souls as the outcome of a greater number of "white robes" saints in our midst, will this living effect be seen. God grant it may be so—"Soldier."

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The "ALL THE WORLD," for July, is a particularly strong number. We especially draw the attention of readers in this Territory to the article, "A Revolutionary Command," by Mrs. General Booth; "Friedrich," by Commissioner Nicol, and an excellent article entitled "From Cathedral to Cattle Shed," by Staff-Captain Ethel Galt, of Winnipeg. There is also an article from Australia descriptive of Mrs. Herbert Booth's work among the Chinese of Melbourne, which will interest many people around the Territory.

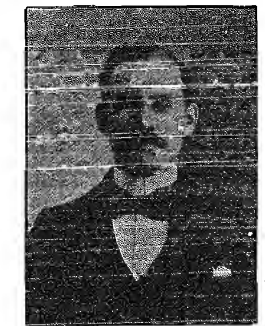
plished. The book is well loaded up with statistics, balance sheets, and has an introduction by the Commandant. The cover is especially artistic, and the whole book must have cost Major Etherington a pile of hard work to prepare. Later on we hope to publish from it some extracts and statistics.

## ALL ABOUT OSHAWA AND THE VISIT OF EDITOR COMPTON AND ENIGMA REMOVED.

A COUPLE of the Editorial men went Salvation Campaigning at Oshawa during Dominion Day holidays, and had a series of blessed victories.

There is no more thriving nor up-to-date town in Ontario than Oshawa. In fact, so much so that one of the War Cry men took an opportunity of interviewing the first official of the town. It being such a good place to live in, and the corps being badly in need of a few Blood-and-Fire soldiers added to its present list of braves, perhaps some Salvationists will arrange to transfer there—they must go prepared to build, however, for there is not an empty house in the town, although they would probably find good and remunerative employment.

His Worship, the Mayor of Oshawa, is the proprietor of a large dry goods store.



MAYOR POWELL, OF OSHAWA.

He received the representative of the War Cry most courteously. Leaning his elbow on his desk, the Mayor ran over a list of the business features of the town.

"There is," he said, "the Ontario Malting Iron Works, employing 200 men; the Schofield Woollen Mills, which sends its goods to places as far apart as Victoria, in the West, and Newfoundland, in the East, and which finds occupation for a large number of ladies; the McLaughlin Carriage Works, the largest concern of its kind in the Dominion, with 200 men at work; the Williams Piano Works, occupying an entire block, and employing about 200 men; the Woom Manufacturing Works, making threshing machines, and the Coulthart, Scott & Co., agricultural implement makers, with a pay roll of 30 and 50 men respectively, and there are others. Nearly all are extending their business and enlarging their premises."

Continuing he said, "We have in contemplation the erection of a public market, the construction of a sewerage system, the building of an up-to-date water works, and there is in course of construction now a grain elevator." His Worship also referred to the excellent electric car system, by means of which not only passengers but freight is conveyed to any desired point along the main roads, and to the beautiful maple trees which form picturesque and shady avenues of almost every road in the town.

Statistics of the special meetings compare most favorably with the previous averages, being doubled or tripled in almost every particular. Of the spiritual impulses time will surely tell of more victories than the one who again yielded her heart to the Saviour. The Sunday afternoon and evening meetings were especially large and powerful. In the afternoon Mayor Powell read a very instructive and edifying lesson, and the people sat over an hour listening to Ensign King's life story.

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## AT THE LAST.

A True Story.  
CHAPTER I.

IT was all very well for people to rant and rave about the evils of intemperance, but George — was not one of those weak-minded, backhauled individuals that could not control themselves and know when they had "had enough."

Thus he reasoned with himself, and the drink habit continued its work. Were not many of his acquaintances doing the same thing, and they were having a rattling good time with it all. Why shouldn't he?

He had made a mistake in his interpretation of the oft-repeated warning, "Look not upon the wine when it is red," etc. He noted not the words, "AT THE LAST it hiteth . . . it stingeth." AT THE LAST.

Ah, that's where George made his mistake. THE LAST was not yet.

## CHAPTER II.

BOOM! boom! boom! It was only the Army drum on the street. The "boys" made their way aimlessly along to the Army open-air.

The crowd gathered, George amongst them. He had often listened before, in fact knew many of that little group of Salvationists personally.

"You are drifting to your doom," Yet there's mercy still for you." Thus sang the little band of men and women, and a feeling of solemnity crept over the listening crowd. Then simple tips told the burden of hot, fervent spirits, and the Hand that oft had knocked before, knocked again at hearts tight closed by sin.

The thoughts of George's heart, who can tell? He had taken just a little more than usual to-night. He was muddled, and not particularly good-tempered as a result.

"Say, F—, God bless you old boy, come along—why don't you get saved?" Thus spoke one of the soldiers to George.

"Saved," sneered George, and turned away.

It was about nine o'clock.

## CHAPTER III.

A SPLASH. Rather unusual at that hour. What could it mean? A cry—a groan. George—had stumbled over the quay into the dock. It was not yet ten.

AT THE LAST—bitten—stung—for ever.

## My Eastern Tour Otherwise Unreported.

By MRS. BRIGADIER READ.

IT was with sincere regret I learned the sad news that Mayor Hay, who so ably presided over our Social meeting at Woodstock, had been bereaved of his son. Mayor Hay will have the sympathy of a host of Salvationists throughout these Provinces.

I was much pleased with the general aspect of the Rescue Work in St. John. N. B. Adjutant Jost has worked nobly, and with her assistants is making a mark for God in this city and vicinity. The Home was in perfect order. Everything bore the stamp of earnest love and devotion to the work. Some further developments are contemplated of which the War Cry readers will hear later on.

MONCTON.—Adjutant Jost accompanied me to this pretty town. Secretary, Brother Magee, met us at the station and took us to the beautiful home of Mr. M. Lodge, whose guests we were.

We were sorry that Ensign Edwards was ill and unable to be present at the meetings. We were assisted by Captain Fleming and his Lieutenant. Rev. W. W. Lodge kindly presided over the Social meeting in his church, and was most hearty in his expressions of good will.

DORCHESTER.—Mr. M. Lodge kindly gave me letters of introduction to the Warden of the Provincial Prison here. I had an interview with the Warden respecting Prison visitation.

## "YE DID IT UNTO ME"

By BRIGADIER W. H. HARDING, EDITOR Social Gazette, LONDON ENG

Not always when the pen-men write Of actions bound to live, The seal of God, on records while Approves the praise they give; But a deed of worth in a poor man's need, Not done for a bribe or fee, The Master weighs and gives its meed—"Ye did it unto Me."

We may not judge 'twixt truth and fraud When men their life-blood pour, For they may dare for a ribboned gaud, In the charge at the battle's fore; Or a grade of fame might be the blot In setting a poor slave free; But a touchstone's found—"Ye did it not," Or "Did it,—as unto Me"

The keen desire of the jewelled great, The strain of the thrumming mart, The fiery words of a people's hate, Or the aims of a beggar's heart: These, in the squabble and dust of strife, Wrong, right, as the case may be, But fade in the light of the truer life, "Ye did it unto Me!"

The darkness hedge the outlook round, —The good so strangely few, And to leave undone so much, we're bound, Of the vast we wished to do; But little or great, it is free from fret, As we kneel at the Master's knee;— The hour is late and the last Me's set, "Ye told," He said "For Me!"

At AMHERST Mr. Dowlin, a magistrate, presided over the meeting, as the Mayor, who was to have been chairman, was called out of town. Quite a number of aldermen were present, and though owing to counter attractions the crowd was small, the meeting was not lacking in interest. God bless the earnest little band here.

Ensign Crichton met me at the station at SPRINGHILL, and drove me out to see the monument erected for the 124 men killed in the mine explosion seven years ago, and was in every way interested in my mission, and anxious it should be a success.

We had the large Presbyterian Church, and the Pastor, Rev. Mr. Wright, as chairman. A splendid crowd was present, and seemed most appreciative.

HALIFAX has been otherwise reported, but I must say how pleased I was with the work done by dear Ensign Beekstead and her assistants. Ensign Beekstead had worked hard to have the N. B. Home in perfect order, and deserves great credit for her success in this line and her untiring efforts to make my visit a success.

The last day in Halifax was full of work. A drawing-room meeting was held in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. Dr. Hamilton, the Home physician made a concise and useful speech which was very interesting to all the ladies present. A meeting and tea with the Home girls followed. Five little ones were dedicated to the Lord.

DARTMOUTH followed with a real bright salvation meeting. Ensigns Perry, Linder and Beekstead, with Ensign and Mrs. Miller and part of the Halifax band, contributed to the enjoyment of the meeting.

The newly-organized League of Mercy band were well to the front. A delightful hour was spent in a tea-table talk after the Dartmouth meeting with the League of Mercy the members of the band present. Ensign and Mrs. Miller rendered some good service during the services. I had the pleasure of visiting the N. B. shelter, and was impressed with the general homelike aspect of everything.

Adjutant Alkenhead has a beautiful band of soldiers in the Garrison City. They fought valiantly all through the meetings. Bless them!

WINDSOR.—Rev. Mr. Mosher welcomed us, and led the service in the Baptist church in this place. A large audience filled the church, and not only listened sympathetically, but responded liberally to our appeal.

TRURO.—Again the sympathy of the

For these are the deeds that outlast Time, That bow out death and the grave, Scorned by God from the dirt and grime, As gems that are sweet to save; When work is of selfish motive hid, And the verdict's bound to be, Though the toll was bare to the view, or hid—"Ye did it unto Me."

So whether I wear a silken robe, Or a coat that is green with "rust," Or whether I sway the half of the globe, Or dine on my only crust, 'Tis the God, in the man, to be, And, not to quibble of kinds or sorts, But labour as "Unto Me"

For it wasn't the jail-bird wretch alone Who wept at the words you spoke, (stone, For the Christ bowed down on the cold sell, When you prayed for the prisoner's ease. And when, in the widow's empty sack, You piled the welcome coal, The smoke that curled from the chimney— Was the incense of a soul.

And the kindly thought and the prayer for And the love for the starving poor, (good, Beneath the fur of the Oxford hood, Or the smock of the country boor; The world's the better for all and each, And the Golden Age may be, When the aims of our every action teach—"Ye did it unto Me!"

presbyterians was manifested in our work by the opening of their church to us for the Social meeting. The Methodist Conference was in progress so interfered with our crowd, however, we had an enthusiastic meeting, and one of the most appreciative congregations during the tour, and a nice offering. The Rev. Mr. Gessie (Pastor) presided, and there were several other clergymen present, among them the Rev. Mr. Fisher, Hansford, Rev. Mr. Stevens, Coffax, who expressed themselves in strongest terms on the value of our work, to us at the close of the meeting.

The S. A. and friends of Truro are anxious to have a visit from the Field Commissioners.

Dear Mother McKenzie and Mrs. Ensign Fraser met me at NEW GLASGOW the following day. A very fair crowd gathered in the barracks for our one meeting here. Rev. M. Grant, of Trenton, was in charge of the proceedings, and was an admirable chairman, and we had a profitable meeting. The New Glasgow friends responded well to my appeal for the work.

Much I would love to say is space permitted, or I had time to do so. I would like to speak of the hearty welcome given by Brigadier Pugmire, Major Cotter and officers everywhere. Of the co-operation and kindness of the dear officers, soldiers and friends, and the deep interest manifested in the work I have the honor of representing. Time fails however, for the "Brucers" bears me away to dear old Newfoundland in an hour or two, and I must leave the reward to Him who measures back an hundredfold in blessing, what is given to His redeemed ones.

## JOINED TO THE LORD—ONE SPIRIT.

Jesus Thy pierced hand I clasp in mine, To never separate or repine Whatsoever way Thou leadest or in what chime.

My spirit rests in Thee, and storms No longer rage and bid me fall, They have no power to touch my soul.

Pace that peace understanding My mind possesses; I fear not Torments angry foes or life's distresses.

With me in suffering or in sorrow He abides "A living bright reality" Whatever betides; sufficient for the morrow.

What shall I render unto Thee, Oh Lord Of life and love and gratitude, "A patient heart" kept by Thy Spirit's power.

A. ROWAN.

The North-West.  
Doings of the Life Guards' Band.

HILLSBORO, the corps of torches and tambourines, is a beautiful little place with beautiful offices and soldiers. A lasting impression was left behind. We gave them the "Prodigal son" meeting, which went with a bang. Now the audience was cheering, now laughing, and sometimes weeping, and deep influence was felt all over the place.

Spent two nights at LARIMORE. That is the place for empty-headed devils. However, the standard of the Cross is by no means at half mast. Most glorious times at DEVIL'S LAKE (what a horrid name!) At this place we spent our first week of Camp meetings. Everyone's expectation was at the highest pitch. All the boys were filled with the power of the Holy Ghost, and we felt our great responsibilities.

Two souls were won for King Jesus in the first meeting. Two more were won in the second. There was indeed a very conspicuous place, a place of worship and curiosity. The place was crowded almost every meeting. One more soul Sunday. Circus in town Monday and there were many threatening looks. The devil tried to run things his own way, but we came off more than conquerors. All day long meetings were held. 5 a.m. kneedril, open-air at 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. Indoor meetings at 3 a.m. a military open-air at night beginning at 7 and finishing at 11:45 p.m. The day was very hot and dusty, but everyone had to imagine that he was quite cool and to fight with all his might. In the afternoon open-air a good gentleman took "patry" on us and brought us a great stone jar of ice cold lemonade. The circus seemed to make no difference to our crowds. One backslider when dealt with in previous meetings declared that he had fully made up his mind not to get saved, and that he could not possibly miss the circus, but the power of God took such hold on him that when the day of the circus came he was so miserable that every desire for the world was taken clean out of him, and that night he and four others sought and found Christ. Tuesday night a most blessed meeting. Wound up with a hallelujah dance.

The Major himself did some real Newfoundland performances. The irrepressible Captain Stokes took even great leaps in the air and more swings around the tent poles. Staff-Captain Gage as full of glory as he could be. Wednesday, the "Prodigal Son" meeting, acted out to perfection, seemed to please the people more than ever. Last but not least came the farewell meeting. The rain had been pouring down all day, and it just cleared up in time for the march. A good full house soon gathered together. Everyone was filled with the fire and things went with a swing. There is one thing about the Life Guards' Band, we are all things to all people. Romans when in Rome, Jews when among the Jews, and when in Devil's Lake—here, I won't say anymore about that, only that we can make a crowd feel at home with us. There was music and dancing, singing, sermons, preaching. Captain Kell and his "sailings" were very prominent. Captain Stokes leaped over the pulpit, and you should have seen the Major play in C major on the bass viol for the first time in his life. Wound up with good address on dressing and red-hot prayer meeting.

Now we are on our way to VALLEY CITY, speeding across the North Dakota wheat fields. The rain is pouring down in torrents, but we are full of hopes and expectations for next week's work.—Yours, H. Kreiger, Cadet.

Fargo.—God is blessing us wonderfully. Two souls saved. Hallelujah! The Life Guards' Band was here Friday night and we had a beautiful time. Glory to God. Our officers are far-welling this week. God bless them.—Matthew H. Stables, R. C.

Neepawa.—Major McMillan was here and conducted the wedding ceremony of our esteemed Sergeant-Major Chas. Hookin. Ice cream afterwards. Great success. Charlie made bappy. Major protracted new day. We all promised to be true. Times good in Neepawa. Devil defeated.—Swain, for Ensign Bailey, C. O.

Edmonton.—Having victory. Two backsliders returned to the fold since last report. Praise God. Something for the half-hearted soldier. An old man over eighty-two years of age, walked in 10 miles to kneedril last Sunday morning. He said the first time he has walked that distance. He is truly living beneath the smile of God.

plished. The book is well loaded up with statistics, balance sheets, and has an introduction by the Commandant. The cover is especially artistic, and the whole book must have cost Major Ethington a pile of hard work to prepare. Later on we hope to publish from it some extracts and statistics.

ALL ABOUT OSHAWA  
AND THE VISIT OF EDITOR COMPLAIN  
AND EDITOR KENNEDY.

A COUPLE of the Editorial men went Salvation Campaigning at Oshawa during Dominion Day holidays, and had a series of blessed victories.

There is no more thriving nor up-to-date town in Ontario than Oshawa. In fact, so much so that one of the War Cry men took an opportunity of interviewing the first official of the town. It being such a good place to live in, and the corps being badly in need of a few Blood-and-Fire soldiers added to its present list, or braves, perhaps some Salvationists will arrange to transfer there—they must go prepared to build, however, for there is not an empty house in the town, although they would probably find good and remunerative employment.

His Worship, the Mayor of Oshawa, is the proprietor of a large dry goods store.



MAYOR POWER, OF OSHAWA.

He received the representative of the War Cry most courteously. Lending his elbow on his desk, the Mayor ran over a list of the business features of the town.

"There is," he said, "the Ontario Malleable Iron Works, employing 300 men; the Schofield Woolen Mills, which sends its goods to places as far apart as Victoria, in the West, and Newfoundland, in the East, and which finds occupation for a large number of ladies; the McLaughlin Carriage Works, the largest concern of its kind in the Dominion, with 200 men at work; the Williams Piano Works, occupying an entire block, and employing about 300 men; the Woom Manufacturing Works, making threshing machines, and the Coulthart, Scott & Co. agricultural implement makers, with a pay roll of 30 and 50 men respectively, and there are others. Nearly all are extending their business and enlarging their premises."

Continuing he said, "We have in contemplation the erection of a public market, the construction of a sewerage system, the building of an up-to-date water works, and there is in course of construction now a grain elevator."

His Worship also referred to the excellent electric car system, by means of which not only passengers but freight is conveyed to any desired point along the main roads; and to the beautiful maple trees which form picturesque and shady avenues of almost everywhere in the town.

Statistics of the special meetings compare most favorably with the previous averages, being doubled or trebled in almost every particular. Of the spiritual impulses time will surely tell of more victories than the one who again yielded her heart to the Saviour. The Sunday afternoon and evening meetings were especially large and powerful. In the afternoon Mayor Powke read a very instructive and edifying lesson, and the people sat over an hour listening to Ensign Kenning's life story.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE:

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## THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

has fixed the dates for holding the

## HARVEST FESTIVAL

as follows:

ONTARIO, August 27, 28, 29 and 30.

All places East and West of Ontario, September 10, 11, 12 and 13.

(Signed) C. T. JACOBS,  
Chief Secretary.

## WAR CRY

Matter for insertion in this paper should be addressed to "The War Cry, Toronto." We do not undertake to return rejected contributions. Write with ink on one side of the paper. Leave a margin on each side. Use separate sheets of paper for reviews of War Cry sales to "Mountain Men" and for Corps reports.

## THE STORY OF PENTECOST.

WE commend to the earnest attention of all our readers, and especially to our officers and soldiers, the **GENERAL'S STORY OF PENTECOST**, now appearing in the Cry. The Salvation Army can afford to be nothing less than Pentecostal in its experience and operations, and the portrayal of that exalted experience by the General in the **STORY OF PENTECOST** will, we trust, provoke many to judgment on themselves, and another Pentecostal waiting before God till the Pentecostal Flame shall again descend and clothe us all in Apostolic fashion. Thus only can we be **TRULY** Salvationists and really do Salvation Army work.

## COMMANDANT HERBERT BOOTH'S LATEST VICTORY.

A 16-Page Paper and a 20,000 Mile in Circulation.

COPIES of the first and second numbers of the new sixteen-page Australian War Cry have reached this office. Formerly nearly every Colony in Australia had its own War Cry; now, with the exception of New Zealand, which is a three-and-a-half day's sail from Australia, and consequently must have its own paper, the whole of the War Cry have been amalgamated into one, which is published from the Melbourne Territorial Headquarters. The Commandant, who is as great a statesman as any of the Parliamentary men of the country, has therefore gone ahead of the Australian Federationists, and incidentally with the one paper for every part of Australia, is sure to aid in the promotion of the Federation idea. This paper itself caters for a wide range of tastes both in and out of the Army. The Commandant contributes some splendid comments on the world topics of the day in his own peculiarly nice style. Other matter is presented in a new, brief and readable form, making of the whole a very fine paper. Both the Commandants and Major Etherington, Editor in Chief, are to be congratulated on this development which we fully believe will be a distinct success; indeed, a rise in the circulation of 20,000 copies has already been accomplished. Advance, Australia.

## 'HAI! FOR WEST ONTARIO!

THEY'RE A BLOOD-AND-FIRE religion abroad in West Ontario. That old and hard-fighting Province, led on by Major Southall, is more than "whooping up" the Paper War. For two weeks West Ontario has tapped the Bat of War Cry Husters, and the Provincial Officer reckons on keeping

at the top. The noble army of husters, both officers and sergeants, are much to be congratulated. They sell more than half the Cry supplied to the Province, a total of about 2,500, which is away up past any other command.

## THE COMING HARVEST FESTIVAL.

JUDGING from the newspaper reports from all parts of the country, there is to be an exceedingly plentiful harvest. That being so, our coming Harvest Festival Campaign should, to say the least, maintain the magnificent rate of increase of the past few years. Most of the Provincial Officers have already sounded the reveille to their troops for this undertaking, and as the Territorial Headquarters the Field Commissioner and her Staff have been much in council as to the best ways and means of securing a mighty victory. Extensive preparations have already, for some time now, been in progress in the Printing Department, and our Fighters on the Field may reckon on having the Plan of Campaign and all the machinery necessary in good time, so as to give the most favorable opportunity for a huge success.

## BRIGADIER STREETON TAKES UP HIS OLD POSITION AT NEW YORK HEAD-QUARTERS.

OUR old Comptroller of Finance, Brigadier Streeton, after eight months' successful work as Chief Divisional Officer in the New York State Division, has been re-appointed to the position of Field Secretary at the New York Headquarters. In his capacity as Field Secretary before, he gave eminent satisfaction to his comrades on the Field, as well as running his Department successfully, and it can only be looked upon as a mark of confidence and esteem which his character and work have created in the minds of his Territorial leaders, that he should have been re-appointed to the important position he now occupies, a position which, although of a different character, is quite equal in importance to that which he has just vacated.

## BRIGADIER READ IMPROVING IN HEALTH.

BRIGADIER JOHN READ, veteran of the war, and indefatigable as ever, even past the limit of his strength, has made another rush from his spirit-breaking seclusion, this time to Owen Sound; but instead of being annihilated, like Cervera's fleet, has won a great victory, and is at the time of writing, we rejoice to say, in better health than for a long time. Oh, that God would fully restore him. Who can offer the prayer of faith?

## ADJUTANT BARNES ORGANIZES AND SELLS OUT.

ANOTHER illustration as to the value of organization is furnished by the Temple Corps, Toronto. This corps, one of the oldest in the Territory, has been poorly situated for organized War Cry selling for a long time. Adjutant Barnes has taken up the work of organizing in dead earnest, and with the result that within a week or two of the organization of his forces, all the Cry were sold out, and the Adjutant has added fifty more to his corps' supply. The newly-commissioned Publication Sergeant, Major Brother Bradley, declares he will not stop short of 100 sales, which will place his corps at the top of the Territory.

## DIVINE RADIANCE IN THE ARMY.

"The Army's radiance is a thing divine,  
Which dared to place where sunbeams may not dwell!  
It threw a ray on darkest hearts—on mine!  
Shone through all shades, and burst into my cell.  
Such souls as these are lighted lamps from God,  
Sent to earth's gloom to gladden for a while;  
They shine like morning dawn life's shadowed road.  
To wake a blind and bid a flower to smile!  
And thus it is on clouds or men's despair,  
Still falls the eye of God, and makes a rainbow there."

By an ex-officer, who first read of the Army in a prison cell.

## The Story of Pentecost

AS HEARD IN HEAVEN!

A TALK.

BY THE GENERAL.



I FIND it difficult to describe to you the experience of that night in such a way that you shall understand them. To us they appear only a few degrees less marvelous than those of the remarkable day that followed. Of course, our feelings were by this time a good deal excited. The occurrences of the past forty days had stirred our souls to the lowest depths and now that we seemed to be in sight of another miraculous event, every nerve was brought up to the highest pitch. The hours of that night were spent largely in prayer; we chanted the Psalms which prophesied the triumphant reign of God on the earth, or sung hymns, that had been composed by different members of the little community, in honor of our Lord and in anticipation of the visitation for which we waited. Now and then there were pauses for silent waiting before God, while again and again there were testimonies and expressions, in which we told of our courage, and stimulated each other's faith.

"As the early hours of the morning came along, expectation rose to a loftier height, and the feeling was borne in on every soul that the sacred moment was actually drawing near.

## STEPHEN THE MARTYR PRAY.

"It was just about that time that Stephen offered that wonderful prayer. I say that wonderful prayer, because it was certainly one of the most wonderful intercessions I was ever privileged to hear. I had heard prayers before, and heard prayers afterwards that appeared to be remarkable. But none so thrillingly wonderful as that offered by Stephen in the still watches of the early day has fallen upon my ears. You see, Stephen was young and enthusiastic and hearty, and full of faith, you will know, described as that of an angel when he talked to the Sanhedrin and to the crowd that afterwards stoned him to death. I was present on the former occasion, listened to his address, and gazed upon his countenance; but it did not shine with a purer light or with more heavenly radiance than when he stood up in that Upper Room and pleaded with God for the grace we all felt we so much needed to worthily magnify the name and great trust He was about to repose in us.

"Now, with big tears streaming down his cheeks and accents broken and tremulous with emotion, he confessed his sins, cowardices and backslidings of the past.

"Now he deplored the miserable failure in our attempts at soul-saving and miracle-working resulting from our unfaithfulness.

"Now he acknowledged the conscious weakness, and fearfulness, and helplessness of the present so far as our ability to cope with the difficulties that met us at every turn was concerned.

"Now he dealt, with joy and thankfulness, on the Divine mission of love, and suffering, and sacrifice of the dear Lord, whom we had seen with our own eyes on the cross, in the tomb, and afterwards ascend to heaven.

"Now he rose to heights of prophetic rapture and delight as he anticipated the floods of mercy and salvation and blessing which were coming on the world through our dear Lord's sacrifice.

"Now he enlarged on the purity, and faith, and hope, and charity, and courage we all needed to make us true warriors worthy of our Master, and equal to the accomplishment of the duty that lay before us.

"And now he pleaded that the Father should do all this and whatever else we needed for our warfare in this world, for the sake of his dear Son who had so freely poured forth His blood in order that it might be so.

"As the voice of Stephen died away, an indescribably solemn awe fell on every heart. Every soul was occupied with the petition that had just ascended to the Father. It seemed as though the young disciple had carried us away to the great Throne of the Heavenly Grace, and that we were still waiting there for the answer to the cry which had, in such beautiful unison, gone up from every heart.

## THE FINAL CONSPIRACY.

"It was then that Peter, moved by the blessed Spirit, amidst this solemn silence, repeated the terms on which God was willing to fulfil the promise of the Master, and asked those of us who were prepared to be absolutely governed and guided by the Holy Spirit to rise to our feet.

"The feelings of that moment cannot possibly be described in words. My own heart seemed to stand still. Over and over and over again I examined myself to see whether I was prepared to leave all to follow, obey, suffer, and die, if needs be, for my Lord. A lifetime seemed to be crowded into a few minutes. My past history, my present motives and activities, and all I had, and all I hoped to have, passed before my gaze, and then, satisfied as to the sincerity of my soul, and the wholeheartedness of my purpose to follow my Lord, I rose to my feet. At the same moment the whole company stood with me. There was now no more hesitation, not one held back or remained behind. We were all of one heart and mind.

## SIGNS AND WONDERS.

"Immediately the floor under my feet began to tremble, and the roof above me literally rose and fell back into its place, while the walls rocked like a reed shaken by the wind; and, before we had time to consider what it all meant, or to ask a question of each other, there came a roar louder than the blast of any tempest we had ever heard. At the same moment, or immediately afterwards, the place was filled with a dazzling golden light that played round every individual, settling down on every head in a form like unto a cloven tongue of flame.

"While these signs were visible to our outward eyes and ears, a strange sensation came over me as though a secret hand gripped me by the heart and held it in its grasp, not with pain, but with a beautiful, warm, joyous feeling of satisfaction, purity, love and peace.

"All the way through this miraculous visitation, up in that Upper Room felt the most distant sensation of fear. Under ordinary circumstances we should have been filled with apprehension as to some serious consequences following the tottering building, and rumbling earthquakes or other rational causes would have suggested themselves as a reason for these mysterious sights and sounds. But no; there was no such feeling here. We felt that God was in the tottering building, in the rushing wind, in the tongues of flame, but above all in the glorious and enthusiastic fire that burned in our souls. And so it was that, after the first feeling had subsided, there was a burst of Hallelujahs from the whole crowd, and every man and woman fell down before God, crying out in rapturous realization, 'This is the Baptism of Fire, the Promise is fulfilled, the Lord is come to His Temple. He has made us Soldiers indeed, now we are ready for the war—ready to live, to fight, to die!'

## CHAPTER V.

HERE was a little pause in our conversation at this point, and, on resuming, I ventured to enquire of my informant as to the immediate results of this remarkable visitation he had just described. To which he replied:

"If I were to describe the feelings of that wonderful hour, I should say that:

## ENTIRE CLEANSING.

"There was, first, a marvellous realization of entire cleansing in every heart. We felt that not only had the prophecy of Joel, but also the promise recorded in the Book of Ezekiel, been fulfilled in us. We had been sprinkled with the sacred water, and were clean. From all our filthiness and from all our idols we had been delivered. We felt that we had been washed and made whiter than snow. For strange as it may seem, there were those in that room who, notwithstanding all that they had heard, seen and known of the Master in His life and death, resurrection and ascension, had still



the consciousness of certain evils remaining in their hearts. There were sinful dispositions and tendencies which, though not having the mastery, were still resident in the soul. For instance:

"With not a few of my fellow-disciples there were some little jealousies felt with respect to Peter. Some of us, remembering his deplorable cowardice and his failure in the past, resented his boldness in coming so prominently to the front during these last days. They thought he ought to have preferred a lower place.

"Among us were some of the fearful class, like Nicodemus, who shrink from an open recognition of the Lord and a public avowal of their intention to proceed at once with the dangerous task of attempting to establish His Kingdom on the earth.

"There were some who still hankered, like the sons of Zebedee, after the more prominent positions in the new Organization.

"Then there was a great deal of unbelief with regard to the future. Some, like Thomas, who, while cured of ever doubting again the Divinity of the Master, or the fact of His having risen from the dead, had still serious doubts as to the possibility of making other people believe in Him, or persuading them in any number to become His followers.

"All these dispositions, however, and every other form of pride and jealousy, envy and selfishness, were swept away from every heart. Evil, whether inward or outward, had been driven away by this manifestation.

"2. Then there was, as the result of this, Euphoria, naturally, a wonderful Realization of the Presence of God with us. All at once it seemed as though our lost Lord had been found again, our absent Christ had come back to earth—come this time not to be seen here or heard here, only to be realized by observation, but to live within us, and to go away again no more for ever.

#### THE REIGN OF LOVE

"3. Then there was, beyond question, a glorious filling up of every heart with Love! Oh, what a turning there was of soul to soul! Perhaps never before in the history of the world had there been seen a company of hearts so flooded—nay, so overflowing—with love, as were gathered together in that Upper Room on that early morning. Every semblance of suspicion or selfish preference between us had vanished, and after the first burst of praise to God had subsided, we looked into each other's eyes, and then embraced, weeping and laughing and singing by turns. It was a Feast of Love.

"4. There was also, along with all this blessedness, which came to our hearts with overpowering force, a Burning Desire to publish to the uttermost parts of the earth the wonderful, sanctifying, joy-creating Salvation which now possessed us."

I did not enquire of my informant whether these disciples were made conscious of the possession of the "Gift of Tongues" at the actual time this visitation in the Upper Room took place. That it possibly was so, is suggested by the fiery emblem that sat on each of them, but of that we cannot be certain. We can be quite sure of one thing, however, and that is that, as though they had this big fire in their bones, they were carried away with a burning impulse to go and tell the multitudes of their fellow-countrymen and others assembled for the great Feast of Pentecost, of the wonderful facts connected with the life, death and resurrection of the Master, and of the salvation that was for them and for their children—indeed, for the whole nation.

That was the main object of the miracle—the end for which the Holy Ghost had come to them. That end was realized. Everybody felt that they must go and tell everybody else what had happened, opening their eyes to the chance that was before them, and compelling them to avail themselves of it.

It is possible—nay, probable—that they were all in the dark as to what was going to happen. They did not realize their ability; they did not foresee the mighty success God was going to give their first attempt at publishing the risen Christ. They did not anticipate—how could they?—the wonderful crowds that were going eagerly to listen, or the remarkable liberty and power of speech, with which they were going to be endowed and assisted. All they knew and felt was that it was for them to go, to preach, to fight. The results were God's business. They had faith in Him.

As I have said, it is quite possible that there was no knowledge on their part of the possession of the gift of tongues until the need for them came up. They simply opened their mouths, and God filled them with words as well as with arguments; and, probably, no one was more astonished at

the ability displayed than the disciples themselves.

#### THE TONGUE OF TONGUES.

Have not we Salvationists often had a similar experience ourselves? Have we not had the language gift bestowed after this miraculous fashion, have we not, in a miraculous manner, had the gift of that Tongue of Tongues imparted—the Tongue that speaks the language of the heart, the Tongue that not only speaks out of the heart of the speaker, but right into the heart of the listener? Oh, verily, verily, that is the Tongue of Fire.

So away they went. There was no one to suggest anything about Prudence—no one in that Room that morning, anyway—and if any strangers had come along describing the fearful possibilities of losses, or imprisonments, or tortures, or crucifixions that lay before them, he would not have been listened to. The passion was on them, and in them—and away they went. They had to go, to do, to dare. It was for their God, who had inspired them with the passion, to see to the consequences. That is just how they felt.

"Accordingly, we passed out into the conflict," continued the Heavenly narrator. "It was a systematic attack we made on the city. Every public square and open space where a crowd could be collected was utilized for our meetings. The chief centre of the effort was the spacious court of the

#### A Summer Revival.

##### Brigadier Head at Owen Sound. (Special.)

Splendid and blessed revival at Owen Sound since Ensign Smith's entry. Last Sunday night fearfully hot, but barracks filled. Eight souls at the Cross, two after close of night meeting. Audience had gone, but many returned to see the souls liberated and devils cast out. Triumphant Hallelujah Wedding Monday night. Brigadier Head united Brother Kilron and Sister Walker "for better, for worse," before fully 200 people. Ice cream festival followed. Nearly \$40 income. Brigadier poured in burning truths. Soldiers in good fighting trim. Captain White and Lieutenant Bloss and Meeks up to the jubilee. Lieutenant Kivell nobly assisted.

#### The Way to Solve Some Present Day Labor Problems.

About \$500 was quickly distributed among the employees of the McCormick Manufacturing Co., London, Ontario, recently by the firm. Once a year this firm in the habit of dividing up a slice of the year's profits with the employees, and the \$500 distributed was the employees' share. Some of the hands got \$25 apiece, some more, some less.



SISTER DAISY BOND.  
War Cry Reader, Wingham, Ont.

Daisy Bond, of Wingham, Ont., is quite a boomer. She isn't afraid that a drop of rain will melt her, neither is she afraid to boom the Cry when alone, and always seems willing to take them around on the main street Saturday afternoons. She also takes another bundle out on Saturday nights, and generally sells out before returning to the barracks, so look out for her name to go up in the Honor Roll.—Ensign W. Oreilard.

#### SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

Unanswered yet? The prayers your lips have pleaded

In agony of heart these many years?  
It was faith begin to fail; is hope departing,  
And think you all in vain those falling tears?  
Sly not the Father hath not heard your prayer;  
You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented

This one petition at the Father's throne,  
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking.

So urgent was your heart to make it known;  
Though years have passed since then, do not despair,  
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted,  
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done;  
The work began when first your prayer was uttered.

And God will finish what He has begun  
If you will keep the incense burning there  
His glory you shall see sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unwavering,

Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock,  
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,  
Nor quails beneath the lowliest thunder.

She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,  
And cries "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT LIST FOR WAR CRY SELLERS.

THE STORY OF PENTECOST, by the General.

THE ASTRONOMY OF HOLINESS, by Commissioner Booth-Chubb.

AT THE LAST, Story of a Tragedy, by Ensign Kenning.

WAR CRY PLATFORM—Skeletons—by Mrs. Adjutant Creighton.

STRAIGHT TALK FROM THE OLD BOOK, by Brigadier Compinn.

THE PRODIGAL BOY'S MESSAGE TO HIS MOTHER (song) by Adjutant Bair.

And all the News of the War.

#### Corps Correspondents.

The following have been appointed:

SISTER MRS. JOHNSON, Wallace, Ida., May 23rd, 1898.

COMRADE EDWARD MARCHE, New Westminster, B. C.

LIUTENANT MEREDITH, Revelstoke, B. C.

SISTER MRS. BISHOP, Anacunda, Mont.

SISTER MRS. LEWIS, Victoria, B. C.



CLOVEN TONGUES OF FLAME.

Temple. Here the crowds from every part of the world were gathered. Here they stood about in groups, eagerly learning the latest news and earnestly discussing it. Into these little crowds you would have seen, had you been there, every now and then some Apostle, with eyes flashing and chest heaving with excitement, throw himself, and immediately commence in the native tongue of the listeners to proclaim the wonderful news that the long-looked-for Christ had come, that He had justified His claim by working miracles of surpassing grandeur, and had been rejected and crucified by the Chief Priest and Elders, and, wonder of wonders! had risen from the dead, ascended to heaven, and poured out on them the promised Holy Spirit, sanctifying their natures, and filling them with love to God and man.

(To be continued.)

#### Mrs. Colonel Jacobs at Eglington.

(Special.)

Interesting meeting conducted by Mrs. Colonel Jacobs and comrades from Yorkville. Friend lent lawn to hold meeting, and the evening being chilly opened his house. Meeting in drawing-room. Rev. Mr. Rosh and others spoke. \$3.40 collection.

#### Spiritual Bankruptcy and Its Cure.

By BRIGADIER BRENGLE.

THERE IS A SPIRITUAL BANKRUPTCY, as there is a pecuniary one. I may become so eager to help the poor that I indiscriminately give away all my property, and so become a pauper myself. Likewise I may be so eager to help souls that I give away all my spiritual capital. I talk, and talk, and talk, without waiting on God to fill me. This is folly. We should wait to be clothed with power from on high. We should take time to hear what the Lord will say, then speak so much as He gives us to speak, and no more. Then again seek His face, and be quiet and attentive before Him till He refills us. If we do not do this we become weak inwardly; we draw on a reserved power, and become exhausted both spiritually and mentally. We may become so eager to give that we become impatient of waiting upon God to receive, forgetting that Jesus said, "Without Me ye can do nothing."

Those who have blessed men the most and blessed the most men have taken time to listen to God's voice, and be taught of Him.

A drunkard is the poorest of fathers, and the father of the poorest.

# 'Tis Warm Work, but They're Hard at it!

Southall's Hustlers in for Record Making—Pugmire Making up for Lost Time, Sports Fast Hargrave and Takes Second Place—Margrave, Going M.C. Strong, is a Good Third—Bennett's Supporters Falling off.

THIS WEEK'S TOTALS: HUSTLERS, 102; SALES, \$273.

## WEST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 64. —Sales, \$219.

S.-M. Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	210
Capt. Hellman, London	175
S.-M. Mrs. Rock, Chatham	133
Lieut. Fyfe, Windsor	125
Lieut. Bonny, Brantford (av. 2 wks)	123
Lieut. Hookin, Berlin	119
Ensign Collett, Stratford	81
Capt. Howcroft, Goderich	75
Capt. Huntington, Strathroy	74
Lieut. Burrows, Sarnia	70
Capt. Coe, Petrolia	66
Adjut. Coombs, London	65
Capt. Matheson, Sarnia	60
Capt. Cockerill, Seaford (av. 2 wks)	59
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich	59
Capt. Freeman, St. Thomas	58
Capt. Haley, Stratford	56
Sister Daisy Bond, Wingham	48
Capt. McCutcheon, Brantford	45
M. Crawford, Guelph	43
Mrs. Ensign McKenzle, Guelph	40
Capt. Powell, Bothwell	40
Capt. Slat, Ingersoll	40
Lieut. Hodgson, Strathroy	40
Lieut. Jordan, Bothwell	35
Ensign Gamble, Berlin	35
Sister Knuckle, Goderich	33
Sister Brindley, Goderich	31
Cand. Oak, Petrolia	31
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll (av. 2 wks)	30
P. Dean, Ingersoll	30
Sister Carrie McQueen, Windsor	30
Sergt. Norfolk, London	29
Mrs. Adjt. Taylor, Windsor	29
Sister Fritchley, Listowel	27
Sister Ettie Brown, Guelph	26
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas	26
Mother Goodchild, St. Thomas	25
Mother Blake, Petrolia	25
Sister Grace Craft, Chatham	24
Cand. Masterton, Hespeler	23
Cand. Wilfong, Hespeler	23
Mrs. Closs, Brantford	22
Sister Annie Hampton, St. Thomas	22
Sergt. Dearling, Hespeler	22
Lieut. Gatzke, Listowel	22
Sister Annie Love, Seaford	20
Sister Maudie, Candler, Woodstock	20
Hro. McCurry, Petrolia	20
Sergt. Palmer, London	20
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, London	19
Sister Millie Candler, Woodstock	19
Sergt. Coppins, St. Thomas	18
Mrs. Keeley, Chatham	18
Ensign McKenzle, Guelph	18
Mrs. Hookins, St. Thomas	15
Sister Moyer, Ingersoll (av. 2 wks)	15
Mrs. Capt. Slat, Ingersoll	15
Sergt. Cannon, Ingersoll	15
Sister Lewis, Ingersoll	15
Sister Gertrude Cheeseman, London	15
Sister Edwards, Stratford	15
Sister Annie Thompson, Sarnia	15
Capt. Barker, Hespeler	15

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 51. —Sales, \$257.

Lieut. Cowan, Halifax I.	180
Sister Minnie Smith, Windsor	170
Capt. Horwood, Charlottetown (av. 2 wks)	135
Cadet Payne, St. John I. (av. 2 wks)	134
Capt. Goodwin, Halifax I.	100
Adjt. Magee, Newcastle	100
J. S. Chas. Vaughan, Charlottetown	76
Capt. Amy Brown, Picton	75
Capt. Thompson, Lunenburg	68
Mrs. Capt. Bowring, Sydney (av. 2 wks)	63
Sergt. Reid, St. John I. (av. 3 wks)	60
Lieut. Nuttall, Woodstock	59
Capt. Annie Hutt, Sussex	56
Mrs. Adjt. McGillivray, Charlotte-town	51
Capt. Ryan, Kentville	51
Capt. J. W. Clark, Fredericton	50
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, St. John I.	50
Sergt. Jessie Ross, Windsor	47
Lieut. Hebb, Glouce Bay	47
Sister May Ferguson, Charlotte-town	47
Sergt. Moors, Windsor	46
Capt. Bowring, Sydney	42
S.-M. Morrison, Glouce Bay	41
Capt. England, Amherst	40
Cand. Gregg, Amherst	40
Cadet Edith Taylor, St. John I.	37
Sergt. Alice Lyons, Fredericton	35
Sergt. Jennie Rodger, Windsor	35
Capt. Carrie Slat, St. John I.	34
Sergt. Mary Pollock, Fredericton	34
Sergt. McDonald, Glouce Bay	33
See Hills, Charlottetown	31
Sister Lebaron, Fredericton	31
Lieut. Burrows, Halifax I.	30
Sergt. Beaton, St. John I. (av. 3 wks)	29
Ensign Penny, Glouce Bay	28
Sergt. Vandine, Woodstock	28
Sergt. Long, St. John I.	25
Cadet Smith, Fredericton	25
Sister Maggie Graham, Charlotte-town (av. 2 wks)	24

Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Lunenburg. 23

Bro. Dave Rogers, Picton (av. 3 wks)	23
Sergt. A. Tilley, St. John I.	22
Cadet Coughlin, Fredericton	20
Sister Maudie Beatty, Fredericton	20
Mrs. Roberts, Port Elgin	20
S.-M. McRae, Woodstock	20
Sergt. Jessie Ore, St. John I.	18
Sister S. Lebaron, Fredericton	17
Lieut. Laithe Richards, Sussex	15
C. D. H. Amherst (av. 3 wks)	15

## CENTRAL ONTARIO, Southern Section.

Hustlers, 46. —Sales, 1,654.

Cadet Winter, Richmond St.	108
Sister Correll, Temple	100
Sister Maudie Temple	70
Bro. Young, Temple	65
Father Dixon, Temple	60
Mrs. Capt. Jones, Brampton	51
Cadet Beach, Richmond St.	49
Capt. Stollker, Riverside	49
Ensign Fox, Bowmanville	45
Lieut. Wadge, Riverside	45
Sergt. Major Bowers, Lisgar	40
Sergt. Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines	37
Capt. Brant, Dovercourt	35
Capt. Jones, Brampton	35
S.-M. Beall, St. Catharines	31
Mrs. Rombrough, Oshawa (av. 2 wks)	30
Ensign Cameron, Riverside	30
Sister Mrs. Pearce, Temple	30
Sister Owens, Temple	30
Sister Loke, Temple	30
Cadet Craig, Lippincott	29
Lieut. Peacock, Yorkville	25
Cadet Edwards, Richmond St.	27
Sergt. Ida Murdoch, Lisgar	25
Sergt. Mrs. Donaldson, Lisgar	25
Sergt. Stevens, Riverside	25
Cadet Liddell, Lippincott	25
Mrs. Gills, Yorkville	25
Ensign Savage, St. Catharines	25
Sergt. Small, St. Catharines	25
Chas. C. Goods, Social Farm	25
S.-M. Fowler, Bowmanville	25
Cadet Horwood, Lippincott	23
Cadet Tracey, Lippincott	23
Sergt. Minnie Stickels, Lisgar	22
Capt. Hart, Lisgar	21
Sister Price, Dovercourt	20
Cadet Howcroft, Lippincott	19
Cadet Hunsdon, Lippincott	18
Cadet Cook, Lippincott	17
Sergt. Harry Bennett, Lisgar	15
Sister Edith Freeman, Bowmanville	15
Cand. Kenyon, Temple	15
Cadet Young, Lippincott	15

## EAST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 36. —Sales, 1,785.

Ensign Walker, Belleville	140
Mrs. Duddley, Ottawa	113
Capt. St. Albans	100
Capt. Wilson, St. Albans	100
Treas. Gillan, Renfrew	95
Capt. Scarsell, Prescott (av. 2 wks)	80
Capt. Hill, St. Johnsbury	76
Lieut. Tuck, Montreal II.	74
Capt. McColl, St. Johnsbury	70
Lieut. Woods, Morrisburg (av. 2 wks)	70
Adjt. Blackburn, Cornwall	65
Lieut. Norman, Quebec	64
Capt. W. Stepler, Houlton	60
Lieut. Butcher, Tweed	62
Mrs. Blackburn, Cornwall	60
Lieut. Randall, Montreal I.	45
Lieut. E. Sparks, Houlton	40
Sister Chillingworth, Montreal IV.	35
Lieut. Owen, Brighton	32
Jeanie Verner, Ottawa	32
Capt. Comstock, Morrisburg	32
Sister Richea, Montreal IV.	30
Mrs. Ensign Walker, Belleville	30
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	30
Capt. Vance, Montreal I.	30
Sergt. Matties, Cornwall	30
Cand. Hoole, Montreal II.	25
Sergt. Douglas, Cornwall	25
Ensign Parker, Quebec	22
Capt. Kirkwood, Brighton	21
Capt. Brindley, Renfrew	20
Sergt. Ross, Belleville	20
Sister Lottie	20
Capt. Creco, Sudbury (av. 2 wks)	20
Mrs. Hamilton, Ottawa	18
Mrs. Dean, Prescott	18

## NORTH-WEST.

Hustlers, 11. —Sales, 678.

Ensign Hayes, Calgary	103
Capt. Baxter, Fargo (av. 2 wks)	95
Lieut. E. Clarke, Devil's Lake	65
Lieut. Woodworth, Portage la Prairie	60
Sister Mrs. Wooster, Rat Portage	52
Sergt. M. McLeod, Edmonton	51
Hro. Ammann, Portage la Prairie	49
Lieut. N. Anderson, Minnedosa	32

Cand. McRae, Minnedosa ..... 18  
Junior Cadet Sarah Smith, Keewatin (av. 2 wks) ..... 16

## NEWFOUNDLAND.

Hustlers, 3. —Sales, 85.	
Sister Julia Liston, St. Johns (av. 3 wks)	40
Cadet Foote, St. Johns (av. 3 wks)	25
Lieut. Salsbury, St. Johns (av. 3 wks)	20

## CENTRAL ONTARIO, Northern Section.

Hustlers, 8. —Sales, 228.

Lieut. Marshall, Omemee	50
Ensign Attwell, Orillia	36
Sister Ward, Kilmount (av. 2 wks)	25
Cadet Alston, Victoria	25
Capt. Glass, Parry Sound	25
Lieut. Meeks, Warton	24
Mrs. Ensign Attwell, Orillia	23
Sergt. Mrs. Courtmanche, Norland	20

## PACIFIC.

Hustlers, 9. —Sales, 414.

Sister Lewis, Victoria	110
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Victoria	70
Mrs. Adjt. Barr, New Whatcom	52
Lieut. Gain, Sheridan	35
Treas. Bury, New Whatcom	30
S.-M. Fentie, Great Falls	29
Cadet Willett, Great Falls	23
See. Alkens, New Whatcom	15

Phew! But it's hot. Could you but see F. P. at his notes this afternoon, you would be visibly affected—the scene is indeed a melting one. And yet far be it from us to complain of heat when writing upon a subject that calls for so much of it.

What but intense heat could force the hustlers of West Ontario to the accomplishment of so splendid a feat as that which we so cheerfully place to their credit this week. Bravo, Southall! Bravo, ye Western hustlers! Tell me not of wreaths of laurel, as well talk of wreaths of cauliflower—the latter would certainly prove more useful. The satisfaction that comes to the heart when one has done well is reward enough, to say nothing of the "Well done!" hereafter.

Pugmire is on the field again. That is easily seen by the marked alteration in his position on our Roll of Honor. Methinks the Easterners are a long way yet from crying, "Hold enough!" Just a word in passing. Say, Pugmire, would it be naughty to think you and yours could do as well as Southall and his? F. P. enquire!

If I were you, Hargrave, I would look up Captain White, at Hamilton, and know why he has not forwarded F. P.'s usual "billet doux," telling the names of the ambitious hustlers of the Ambitious City.

Say, White, F. P. notes one of thy initials in W. Does that mean that thou art called William? If so, do please send thy hustlers' names regularly. Do, "Billy, do."

This savours of the "briny!" "Ship ahoy!" Aye, aye. What's that? Rat Portage. Any news for Fountain Pen? Aye. Sister Mrs. Wooster shipped a bonnet and sold 52 War Cry. A. W. Good for A. W. Better for Sister Wooster.

"Brother Bradley is our new War Cry Sergeant-Major, and we are in for making things hum. We have risen 50. How's that, Fountain Pen?" That's tip (humming) top.—F. P.

Does the following explain East Ontario's position? "Dear Fountain Pen, Don't imagine our Province is badly punctured yet. We are hunting up new customers here in Quebec, and when our old ones return from their summer outing, we expect to rise. I resigned most of my old customers to Lieutenant when I took charge of the Shelter, but have found out some new ones and am glad to get back to the boomers' list again; if it is a humble place I shall strive to come up higher.—Ensign Parker."

We welcome you back most heartily to our hustlers' columns. With reference to the "puncture," F. P. trusts that it will be easier to repair than his of the other day, caused by a harmless, unoffending, but most inconveniently-placed tin tack.

Scene: A street in N. B. Cry hustler to countryman: "Buy the Cry, sir?" Countryman appears to take but little notice. Hustler persists.

Countryman to hustler: "If I was not married I would like to have a wife just like you, for if she stuck to me like you with that Cry, she would never leave me."

With that he bought the Cry. It would seem as if the country friend had had a wife, but that he had lost her. We trust she will yet come back. Comment needless.

A certain corps takes 102 Cry weekly. The Captain reports having sold 91 copies. What about the other 11 copies? Comment needless.

"C. D. H. of Amherst, has sold 15 each week for three weeks." So reads a post card to hand. S. P. must tread cautiously. To call him, her—or she, he—would be calamitous. And yet what can poor F. P. do? Why this mystery? Is it that those solitary, isolated initials belong to one of those

"Born to blush, unsexed, And waste their hourly sweetness on the desert air?"

"We want to be somewhere in the War Cry war." This from Newfoundland. Comrades of that sea-girl Isle, you may, if you choose, be ANYWHERE in our Honor Roll.

The following is as it should be. "War Cry sellers are respected and well treated everywhere in Walkerville and Windsor, and their weekly visits are welcome—a fact which the War Cry is taken and paid for every week and there is always some profit to the officers."

News to hand from St. Kitts as follows: "We have made an advance of 266 War Cry sold outside for the quarter ending June. We have eight brigades going. This quarter we have been able to pay for 175 Cry every week.—J. B. Beall, Pub. Sergt.-Major."

This is the latest from a town in North Ontario: "Can you ship a few more people to this town, and let them be those who crave to get the War Cry regularly. Signed, Snookes."

Really this is overwhelming. F. P. always felt that there were some things certainly in his line, but when it comes to conducting an Emigration Agency, and in this hot weather too, the thought of it is too much. Really, Brother Snookes, I must beg to be excused.

Well, it's a long lane that has no turning, and a ditto road that has no ending—and as those notes must end sometime, somehow, as well now as any other time.

Till next week au revoir! Yours affectionately, FOUNTAIN PEN.

## COMING EVENTS

MAJOR MCILLIAN, accompanied by THE LIFE GUARD'S BAND will conduct GIGANTIC CAMP MEETINGS as follows: WINNIPEG, July 13th to 20th. RAT PORTAGE, July 23rd to 28th.

## C. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments.

ENSGN CUMMINGS—Moose Jaw, July 22-24; Calgary, July 26; Edmonton, July 28-31, August 1; Calgary, August 3-5; Lethbridge, August 6-8; Whitehead, August 10-12; Minnedosa, August 13-15; Neepawa, August 16-18; Winnipeg, August 19.

ENSGN SIMS—Newport, July 22; Sherbrooke, July 23, 24; Conception Bay, July 25; Quebec City, July 26, 27; Cherteville, July 28; Kemptonville, July 29; Ottawa, July 31, 30.

CAPTAIN COLLIER—Bothville, July 23, 24; Wardville, July 25; Dresden, July 26; Wallaceburg, July 27; Port Lambton, July 28; Sarnia, July 30, 31.

ENSGN ANDREWS—Fenelon Falls, July 18; Omemee, July 20; Bowmanville, July 21; Oshawa, July 22; Brockton, July 23, 24; Temple, July 25; St. Catharines, July 27, 28; Port Dalhousie, July 29; Hamilton II, July 30, 31.

## LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. Particulars can be had from Messrs. Brown, Jones and Albert Streets, Toronto.

Brigadier Pugmire

Our beloved come along, visit has been to everybody's, backsliders, lessons more than increased, conv strengthened, I feel more the im tion, backsliders, who had become once again, Alas, Jesus.

The meetings a little different very interesting Captain and Mr. alides, had the hand. Their order was a brilliant circumstances, well arranged barracks was fully decorated Rev. Mr. Walsie is a warm the Army. Ho beginning, and rifices in its and suitable in Brigadier Pugm interesting and the General's a short but after chairman called L. J. Tweedie, a magnificent fel it his but but said they he convert. The a short but dress, praised tenacity and them prosperit the chosen of.

A vote of the seconded by the was wound up. I attended the following night a musical performance, a magnificent 325, which will good financial a magnificent in red hot Brigadier regim was impossibl belton.

Dear War return journe ful part of known as Pr have spent th to one day's turning journe trip across named steamed aide on Thun where I was of Summers train at once we arrived at.

The attrac on Dominion Army meelin their Professa deant and to home for the Did it rain the morning was a mag trip of the beat crowd of the. We ha ing, and ret the day was deent open-Ensign Per with the new rendered val Saturday n tical open- we put in t returning to final words offer of sal congregated Sunday n small crowd good mucr holiness me three comre a clean hea having tea

In the of Park, whei had assem heard the not have d time, good will be acc one saved n The heat unbearable and night



Countryman to huster: "If I was married I would like to have a wife just like you, for if she stuck to me like you with that Cry, she would never leave me."

With that he hought the Cry. "I would seem as if the country friend had had a wife, but that he had lost her. We trust she will yet come back."

A certain corps takes 102 Cry week-cry. The Captain reports having sold 100 copies. What about the other 11 copies? Comment needless.

"C. D. H., of Amherst, has sold 15 each week for three weeks." So reads post card to hand. P. P. must tread automatically. To call him, her—or she, he would be calamitous. And yet what an poor P. P. do? Why this mystery? Is it that those solitary, isolated initials belong to one of those

born to bluish, unseen, and waste (their) sweetness on the desert air?"

"We want to be somewhere in the War Cry war." This from Newfoundland. Comrades of that sea-girt Isle, may, if you choose, be ANYWHERE in our Home-ROI.

The following is as it should be. "War Cry sellers are respected and well treated everywhere in Walkerville and Windsor, and their weekly visits are welcome in most places. 176 War Cry are taken and paid for every week and there is always some profit to the sellers."

News to hand from St. Kils as follows:

"We have made an advance of 200 War Cry sold outside for the quarter ending June. We have eight brigades in the quarter, and their weekly visits are taken and paid for every week and there is always some profit to the sellers."

"This is the latest from a town in North Ontario of which a few more people to town, and let them be those who want to get the War Cry regularly."

"I have been to the meeting. F. P. says that the meeting was something mainly in his line, but when it comes to conducting an Emigration Agency, and in this hot weather too, the thought of it is too much. Brother Snookes, I must beg to be excused."

"Well, it's a long lane that has no turning, and a ditto road that has no ending—and as these notes must end sometime, somehow, as well now as any other time."

"I'll next week as usual!" Yours affectionately, FOUNTAIN PEN.

## COMING EVENTS

**MAJOR McMillan,** accompanied by THE LIFE GUARD'S BAND will conduct

**MAGNIFICENT CAMP MEETINGS** as follows:

NIPES, July 13th to 20th.  
PORTAGE, July 23rd to 29th.

**M. Prev. Agents' Appointments.**

**FRIG CUMMINGS**—Moose Jaw, 22-24; Calgary, July 28; Edmonton, July 28-31, August 1; Calgary, August 3-6; Lethbridge, August 6-8; Edmonton, August 10-12; Minnedosa, August 12-15; Neepawa, August 16-18; Lepage, August 19.

**FRIG CUMMINGS**—Newport, July 22; Brockton, July 23, 31; Conitocoke, July 23, 31; Quebec City, July 26, 27; Montreal, July 28; Kemptonville, July 28; Ottawa, July 31, 30.

**FRIG CUMMINGS**—Bothville, July 22; Wardville, July 23; Dresden, July 23, 28; Wallaceburg, July 27; Port Arthur, July 28; Barrie, July 30, 31.

**FRIG CUMMINGS**—Fenelon Falls, Ontario, July 22; Bowmanville, July 22; Oshawa, July 22; Brookville, July 24; Temple, July 25; St. Catharines, July 27, 28; Port Dalhousie, July 27, 28; Hamilton II, July 30, 31.

**FRIG CUMMINGS**—LOANS! LOANS!

PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can be trusted with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from Major Bennett, Corner Albert Street, Toronto.

## The East.

### Brigadier Pugh in Newcastle Division.

Our beloved Provincial Officer has come and gone from the district. His visit has been like a ray of sunshine to everybody's heart. Week end collections more than doubled, attendance increased, converts cheered, soldiers strengthened, local officers rose to feel more the importance of their position, backsliders returned, and those who had become estranged reconciled once again. All honor and glory to Jesus.

The meetings at Chatham, although a little different in their nature, were very interesting and very successful. Captain and Mrs. Jennings, with their aides, had the arrangements well in hand. Their reception of the Brigadier was a brilliant affair, considering circumstances. The welcome tea was well arranged and well attended. The barracks was suitably and tastefully decorated for the occasion. The Rev. Mr. Watt (Presbyterian) presided. He is a warm friend and supporter of the Army. He has been so from the beginning, and has made personal sacrifices in its interests. In very kind and suitable language he introduced Brigadier Pugh, who gave a very interesting and profitable address on the General's Social Scheme throughout the world. After a Salvation song, the chairman called upon the Honorable L. J. Tweedie. He commenced by acknowledging that at one time he had felt it his duty to leave the Army, but said they had at any rate made a convert. The honorable gentleman, in a short but pointed and eloquent address, praised the local corps for their tenacity and perseverance, wished them prosperity, and sat down amidst the cheers of the people.

A vote of thanks was proposed and seconded by the Brigadier, the meeting was wound up, and a very good crowd attended the supper afterwards. The following night the Brigadier conducted a musical meeting, which was much appreciated, as well as the ten cent tea afterwards. The proceeds amounted to £25, which will put Chatham on a very good financial footing and give them a magnificent opportunity to go right in, in red hot for God and soul. The Brigadier regretted very much that it was impossible for him to get to Cambridge.

### Major Collier in Prince Edward Island.

Dear War Cry—I am just on my return journey from that most beautiful part of the Eastern Province, known as Prince Edward Island. I have spent three days there in addition to one day's going and to-day's returning journey. After a most delightful trip across the Straits on the above named steamer, I arrived at Summerside on Thursday evening, June 30th, where I was met by Captain Lorimer, of Summerside corps. We took the train at once to Charlottetown, where we arrived about 10 p.m.

The attractions here were a picnic on Dominion Day and special station Army meetings for the week-end. Brother (Professor) Hawley met us at the depot and took us to his comfortable home for the night.

Did it rain? Well, yes, it poured on the morning of Dominion Day, but it was soon over and we were steaming up the West River on the tug "Wm. Alkenna" to Shaw's Grove. The trip was a magnificent one. The second trip of the boat at noon brought the best crowd as the weather had become fine. We had a good day, a nice meeting, and returned to the city, where the day was finished up by a magnificent open-air on the Market Square. Ensign Perry and Captain Lorimer, with the new Charlottetown brass band rendered valuable assistance.

Saturday night we had another beautiful open-air on the market where we put in the most of the evening, just returning to the barracks for a few final words of warning and another offer of salvation to those who had congregated there.

Sunday morning more rain, and a small crowd at knee-drill. We had a good march and a most beautiful holiness meeting at 11 a.m., at the close three comrades sought the blessing of a clean heart, and each one testified to having found it.

In the afternoon we marched to the Park, where several hundred people had assembled. By this means many heard the truth that otherwise would not have done so. We had a beautiful time, good collection and believe good will be accomplished, and perhaps some one saved as a result.

The heat all day had been almost unbearable, and between the afternoon and night meetings we had a terrific

thunder storm. This did not hinder us having a good open-air at our old stand on the market. We had a good crowd inside, but just as we were going to read the lesson another terrific storm came on. The crowd sat quiet and there was much conviction and some shed tears, but none would yield. We will not soon forget this visit.

The officers, soldiers and friends were kindness itself, and we shall be glad to return again at an early date. Bandmaster Heiler, of Halifax, helped us all through the meetings, and his singing and playing was much appreciated. For the present, good-bye. —Young fighting, T. H. Collier, on board S. S. Northumberland.

### Star Lights from the East.

Brigadier and Mrs. Pugh attended the picnic in connection with St. John, on July 1st. An outdoor meeting was held on the grounds. The string band was in evidence.

The P. O. did last week-end at Sussex, 1000 volunteers are camping here, and they came trooping into the barracks. Good crowd, one soul, debt cleared, is the report he brings back.

On Sunday, July 10th, seventy-eight officers farewelled from their respective commands, one of them being D. O's. Let us hope to see magnificent revolutions as a result of this change.

We welcome Adjutant and Mrs. John McLean and Ensign Kerr into the Province. God bless them.

Staff-Captain Galt and Adj. Alkenhead leave us and take up appointments elsewhere. Both have done nobly.



OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF LITTLE CURRENT CORPS, MONTREAL ISLAND.

ly in the Province. Good-bye, comrades. We shall think of you—Soldier Hoy.

Summerside—Captain Larimer and Lieutenant Green had things nicely arranged for a Juniors' picnic on Tuesday. We went over to Bebeque, and had a most enjoyable day with the Children. On Wednesday night we had a meeting at Travellers' Rest. Owing to the night being wet our crowd was not very large, but we had the presence of the Master with us and had a good time. We had Ensign Perry with us for Saturday and Sunday. The subject for the meeting on Saturday night was "The Tree of Blessings." Beautiful meetings all day on Sunday. The thunder storm prevented many from attending the meeting. —Mattie Gamble, Reg. Cor.

## Newfoundland.

Pelly's Island—Victory is our battle here in Pelly's Island. We had a visit from our brand new D. O., Ensign Cooper, accompanied by Lieutenant Pitcher of Jackson's Cove. Sunday was a time of praying and believing, until at night victory came, and two precious souls were found. The presence of the Saviour. This is a beautiful place and we are believing for wonderful times in the near future. With God our side and a beautiful D. O., we have Ensign Cooper, we are in for giving his Satanic Majesty a real hard time. Through Christ we shall conquer. —Yours to be true, Lieutenant S. Newell, for Captain P. Mercer.

## East Ontario.

Boulton.—Good open-air and inside meetings. Great open-air attendance. Five souls got saved. Some special meetings though no special attended them.—Emily White, Reg. Cor.

Tweed.—One backslider returned to the fold Saturday night. Of course the devil don't like this, but angels rejoice at the sight. The Captain is back from his rest full of fire, and we are all going in to win the precious Blood-bought souls in this town.—Mrs. Robinson, Reg. Cor.

St. Johnsbury.—Since last you heard from us Ensign Kendall, our D. O., has paid us a farewell visit. It is needless to say that the Ensign's visit was a great blessing and cheer to us. We had with us also Capt. McNaney and Lieutenant Carter, of Newport fame, and best of all we have always God with us.—Yours in Him, Captain A. McCall.

Montreal II.—We have been having blessed times with God. On Saturday night one soul came back to God and received pardon. Sunday morning one came for cleansing, and Tuesday night three more came. We spent the 1st of July on Mount Royal with the corps, and had a blessed time together. Finished with a meeting praising God for His mercies. Sunday time of blessing and refreshing, though none yielded. Monday night two souls came to God and got saved.—W. G. R. C.

Ottawa.—The fight still goes on under the leadership of Mrs. Adjutant McLean, the Adjutant having gone on a

by the League in the Industrial Home. Cadet Hearnes and Sister Mrs. Smith were welcomed as new members of the League. Captain Ward closed the meeting with a series of songs. The shinner. Captain Ward and Brother R. L. Werry sang solos during the meeting. After the meeting ice cream and cake were served. The proceeds went to help on the League work.—C. Harding.

## West Ontario.

St. Thomas.—We had our picnic at Port Stanley on Friday, Dominion Day. A very enjoyable time. Big open-air meetings in the afternoon and night. Saturday music lantern service by Captain Collier. Very interesting. A good day Sunday, although stormy. Two souls at night. War Cry all sold.—H. Freeman.

Hespeler.—Mrs. Major Southall with us for week-end. Good meetings. We are in for victory during the summer campaign.—W. H., for Captain Barker.

Woodstock.—We have just completed a glorious week-end, 1st, 2nd and 3rd of July. Major and Mrs. Southall assisted by Captain Smith and the Galt Brass Band, conducted a series of meetings, which shall not be forgotten in Woodstock for some time to come. The Major poured in some real Gospel truth, which had the desired effect. The Galt band boys worked hard throughout, not only in rendering some excellent salvation music, but also doing their best to get souls into the Fountain. We had the joy of seeing two souls cry to God for pardon, also many of our soldiers consecrated themselves afresh to God. A warm welcome awaits the return of Major and Mrs. Southall and the Galt band when they come on the 10th day again.—W. J. Wakefield, Ensign.

Listowel.—Staff-Captain Phillips was with us for the 1st for July. The majority of the folks left town that day, but those who remained appreciated the meetings led by the Staff-Captain. Week-end good in spite of the hot weather.—Fred Burton, Captain.

Clinton.—On Tuesday night at the soldiers' meeting five came out and sought the blessing of Jesus. A clean heart. Ensign Scott with us on Wednesday night. Blessed time to our souls. Our band was invited to attend a picnic in London, held by the Methodist Church of that place. They were treated well, and altogether they had a very enjoyable time.—Ida Bezzo, Reg. Cor.

Ridgetown.—Ensign Dean, Financial Specialist, and Lieutenant Blodgett, with us for Saturday and Sunday. Although the heat was oppressive, the crowds were good and finances up. Soldiers and friends were blessed and inspired. This is one of the Ensign's old battlefields.—Yours fighting, T. H. McLeod, Captain.

Windsor, Ont.—On Monday night we had Captain George, the converted comedian, from Chisico, with us. The meetings were well attended both outside and indoors, and collections good. Staff-Captain Phillips was with us Saturday and Sunday. Good meetings throughout the day, though none yielded to God's voice.—Sergeant Mabel Lloyd, Reg. Cor.

## The Pacific.

Butte.—We are still marching on and having good meetings. On account of the warm weather our attendance has not been so good. Last Tuesday we had a Junior demonstration, June 2nd, at which we took in \$10.05.—Secretary D. W. Davidson.

Lewiston, Ida.—Farewell orders having come, Lieutenant and myself said good-bye to our many comrades and friends on Thursday night, after a stay of almost six months here. A surprise in the way of ice cream and cake was given by a few of our friends at the close of the meeting, which was enjoyed by all present. We were sorry to leave as we have never been treated with greater kindness and respect than during our stay here, and do indeed pray that the work of God may continue to prosper. During our stay we have seen a number of precious souls kneel at the Cross, who have since taken their stand as soldiers. We give God all the glory for our new appointments to do our best in His strength.—Fanny Bowers, Captain, E. C. Haren, Lieutenant.

Helena.—Everything is moving along nicely here in Helena. Ensign Stalgers

and Captain Stone, who have been in charge for some time, have done some good work. Would have gladly kept them longer. The boys farewelled from here on Sunday and will hold the fort at Bozenham for a time. May the Lord abundantly bless their labors wherever their lot may be cast. Several good cases of conversion during their stay. To God be all the glory. Adjutant Woodruff and Captain Bonnetto are in charge here now, and we are hoping and praying that many who are now in darkness and sin may be brought to a realization of their condition, and seek and find the Savior precious to their souls before it is everlastingly too late. —Yours in the war, E. H. Wickersham.

### Central Ontario Southern Section.

Yorkville.—Sunday God's Spirit felt in all our meetings, and at night four precious souls sought and found salvation. We ended up the day with an old-time open-air meeting.—N. R. R.

Social Farm.—We had Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs and Major and Mrs. Smeeton here Sunday, which meant a rich spiritual treat of salvation truth. Large attendance at night in spite of the hot weather.—Chas. C. Gooda.

Oshawa.—Brigadier Compila and Ensign Kenning for special meetings. Glorious times. Friday, holiness. One asked God to forgive her straying, which He did. Glory! Those meetings Saturday and Sunday, indeed, 'twas good to be there. Many were moved with the Spirit's striving, but would not yield. All say, come again soon.—E. C. A. R., Corps Cor.

Lisgar St.—Red-hot, Blood-and-Fire meetings led by Adjutant and Mrs. Stanton. Three precious souls were led to the foot of the Cross and got neatly saved. Adjutant Wilson's brother and his two chums followed each other to the Mercy Seat and found mercy. The Commissioner's visit to Lisgar Street has been a blessing to us, and put the soldiers in working trim. God bless her and soon bring her back again, is the prayer of the corps.—Brother S. McFarland, Reg. Cor.

### Central Ontario Northern Section.

Perry Sound.—Good meetings on Sunday. One soul at night, for which we thank God and pray that he shall be faithful unto death.—Captains Glass and Charlton.

Omenec.—Dear War Cry, I have been looking for a report in your pages from Omenec for some time, but failed to find one, so as your humble servant is sick in bed, and nothing to do but pray that God will save the sinners and keep the saved from falling. I thought I would send you a few lines to let you know that Omenec is alive and going in for souls. Since Captain Nelson and Lieutenant Marshall came three souls have sought and found salvation. This may be the last writing I shall ever be able to do, if it is all is well with my soul. Dear unweary one, what about yours? Think of it now and count the cost.—Correspondent Slater Cornell.

(May the Lord bless and sustain our Correspondent, whom, if it be His will, may the Lord restore to service once more.—Ed.)

Little Current.—On the 18th of May Captain Smith and Lieutenant Main-prize arrived. Since their arrival we have seen five souls seeking salvation at the feet of Jesus. The new officers are already very much loved both by the whites and the Indians. Both received appropriate Indian names and are fast learning the native language. On Sunday, June 12th, we had English Andrews with us, the new Provincial G. B. M. Agent, who conducted the meetings, which shall be long remembered by the people. Chief Obotoss-away, of Sucker Creek Reserve, reports that Garden River Indians, near the Soo, are in hunger and thirst after the righteousness of God. This is a rather influential band. The Salvation Army should attack this place. Lieutenant Rennie farewelled from Little Current after a successful stay of about eleven months.—John H. Esquimaux, Cor.

### THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

To those who think of travelling to the OLD COUNTRY, we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets for the Canadian Steamship Lines, on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to Major Smeeton, A. Temple, Toronto.



## LIFE AND LABORS OF James Dowdle COMMISSIONER.

### A Biography.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

"Strangers and Pilgrims"—Canada Revisited—A Civil War, and How it Ended—Drunk on Duty—Invasion of a Police-Station—The Salvation Army in Court—A Large-Minded Mayor and an Implacable Superintendent—A Dally's Version of the Scene—As It was and Some Things That Were Not.

WHAT on earth is the use of "strangers and pilgrims" like us hanging on to a house, wife?" said the Colonel, soon after his return from Canada.

"We have no time for home-life, and you do not need house-cleaning added to your work," this last remark being an allusion to the periodical visit paid by Mrs. Dowdle to the house they rested in between their various campaigns. There was only just time to wage war with the dust that had accumulated during their absence, when duty compelled them to lock the door again and off to another campaign.

The house was therefore given up (January 15th, 1888), and this devoted pair called no place their home for the next ten years—years full of a great devotion, and singularly blessed by God.

"Much of our success was due to the absence of temporal cares," says the Commissioner. "Remembering Paul's

night of prayer held at II—will give some idea of the Colonel's way of dealing with souls, and also illustrate how some people miss what they appear to seek in earnest.

There were as many as six hundred persons present at the meeting referred to, and at the close of the first meeting, the Colonel began to look for some result, but none appeared.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the Colonel. "Surely we have not

Talked all Night for Nothing?"

"Oh, you don't understand these people!" said the Captain, gravely. "There are two distinct parties in the corps, and they are at loggerheads. The work has been stagnant for quite a while."

"Are the leaders of the opposition in the meeting?" asked the Colonel. The Captain pointed them out—they were women.

Both were earnestly praying for God to sanctify them. Going to No. 1, the Colonel asked what she wanted. "I want God to make me holy."

"Can you forgive Mrs. Brown?" said the Colonel. At this the supplicant reared her head and said, "She's done me a serious injury, for which I can never forgive her!"

"Then God cannot sanctify you." So saying, he passed on to No. 2, who was pounding the seat and imploring God to descend in showers of blessing upon her.

"Can you forgive Mrs. Jones?" asked the Colonel.

The Founding Ceased.

and Mrs. Brown exclaimed, "The lying devil's told hundreds of lies about me."

Back to No. 1 went the Colonel. "It's no use praying for God to sanctify you while you regard inquiry in your



"The Colonel called on his Comrades to Kneel and Pray."

advice, we shunned all earthly 'entanglements,' and so kept ourselves free to go hither and thither as the Lord should direct. Having no children we were able to dispense with home life."

A successful Scottish campaign preceded a

#### Second Visit to Canada.

when the Colonel was accompanied by his wife.

Commissioner Combs, who was then in command of the Canadian forces, thought a six-months' visit from the Army's Spiritual Special would prove beneficial; and so, nothing loth, the Colonel once more crossed the "pond" upon the King's business.

The Indian Continent, who had come over for the International Congress of 1888, joined the Dowdles in Ireland, and their presence on board excited a great deal of interest. Stirring meetings were held, and many of the passengers afterwards testified to the good they had received.

After touring for a while with the Indian Continent, the latter continued their homeward journey, the Dowdles going on with their work.

"Our visit," says the Commissioner, "lengthened out into twelve instead of six months, and we saw hundreds of souls saved and sanctified—some of them very head-over-heels sort of folk. I can assure you. Altogether we held something like 625 meetings in fifty different towns and cities, saw 955 seekers at the pentecost form and 91 backsliders restored."

An incident connected with an all-

Monday morning.

"There were no summonses issued, so I was not obliged to go," says the Commissioner; "but the alderman, at whose house I was billeted, advised me to appear, so I went, accompanied by my host."

We quote the following from a report which appeared in a daily paper the next day, leaving our readers to sift the wheat from the chaff.

It is quite true that the Colonel prayed for all present and also trusted the court to a few home-thrusts not recorded in the report, which was headed:

The Salvation Army in the Windsor Police Court.

"This morning the portly and doughy Colonel and his fellow-comrades in arrest marched up fearlessly to the Town Hall and into the judgment room of the police magistrate, and faced that personage and Chief Baines. The charge against the three warriors, that of obstructing the streets, was preferred, and the police magistrate laid down the law to that effect made and provided with the consequence of its violation, and told the soldiers they ought to have moved on when ordered by the police. The Colonel called on his comrades to kneel and pray for the magistrate and Chief Baines, and, himself setting the example, sank down on his knees, and held them there. When the Colonel paused, the voice of his honor arose: 'There, there, gang away! Ye may march unmolested on the sidewalks, if ye do so in single file; and ye may sing and pray and drum on the street all ye like, only ye must move on when the police tell ye. Gang away! gang away!'

"The conquering Colonel rose to his six feet of height, and heading his comrades with his 200 lbs. of dignity, marched out of court singing—

'Soldiers of faith arise  
And put your armor on;  
The opposing powers of darkness  
Flee before the rising sun.'

"When the strains had died in the corridor of the hall, his honor remarked that the Colonel was 'a great talker.' 'Yes,' replied Baines, 'he can out-talk the devil; neither you nor I stand with him.'

Though largely imaginary, the report was correct in stating that the Colonel prayed for his persecutors, and also that the chief constable assayed to beat a retreat. He was prevented, however, by the magistrate, who was a Christian, and who, no doubt, thought the official referred to might derive benefit from the exercise.

After the case had been dismissed, the Mayor shook hands with the Colonel and wished him God-speed in his work; but the chief constable refused to be comforted, and repulsed all overtures on the part of the Salvationists.

After many similar triumphs, the Dowdles once more set sail for Liverpool. (To be continued.)

The Opposing Parties

kave in, and numbers, as a result, were saved.

One Sunday night the Colonel and the comrades composing the Windsor corps went to meet the soldiers belonging to the Detroit Corps, who were to unite with them for the week-end. At the place of disembarkment a great crowd of folk had gathered, and they looked so tempting that the Colonel could not resist the opportunity of "pitching in."

It was not long before a policeman began to interfere—a Frenchman, who

had imbibed sufficient poison to make him forget his name—and he began to bustle about the little name-Captain in charge of the Windsor corps. The snow was piled high along the line of march, and walking was difficult.

"Hi, there! What are you up to?" shouted the Colonel.

"Up to? Why, I'm going to run you all in for breaking the law. That's what I'm up to!"

"Come along then," said Dowdle, "to the police station, my lad! We must report this man for being drunk on duty."

The Frenchman had been joined by another official, and, as they hurried in the direction of the station, they were closely followed by the united corps, who were

#### Enjoying the "Sensation"

immensely. Once the Colonel gave orders for them to turn and make another attempt of holding an open-air on the forbidden spot; but the policeman turned too, and again interfered, so the march to the station began again.

"Whatever have we here?" said the superintendent, as policemen and Salvationists entered the station—the one blue with anger, the others singing and smiling by turns.

"Well, our part of the business is to report this man for being drunk on duty, and for shoving about a little. Captain. As an Englishman, I can't let such conduct pass."

Then the police told their tale, and the conclusion was that was that the Salvationists were told to

#### Appear at the Police Court

on Monday morning.

"There were no summonses issued, so I was not obliged to go," says the Commissioner; "but the alderman, at whose house I was billeted, advised me to appear, so I went, accompanied by my host."

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# SONGS

## The Missing One.

By ADJUTANT BARR, New Whetcom.

Tune—Knocking, knocking, who is there?

1 Missing, missing, on that day,  
Missing, missing, zone astray,  
Spite of Jesus' loving pleading,  
Spite of mother's loving prayer,  
Mongst the lost your name recorded,  
Shiner, you'll be missing there.

Chorus.

Oh, why wilt thou die?

Missing, missing, awful doom,  
Missing, missing, hell's dark gloom,  
Gone for aye, thy God-given chances,  
Come too late thy fervent prayer,  
Oh, the bitter, bitter anguish,  
Of a soul that's missing there.

Chorus.

There is no rest in hell.

Missing, missing, shall it be,  
Missing, missing, soul of thee,  
For they loved ones waited vainly,  
At heaven's pearly gates so fair,  
For when welcomed were the Dead,  
Thou wert missing, missing there.

Chorus.

You are drifting to your doom.

A Pardon for a Rebel.

By J. H. TRUESDALE.

Tune—If I only knew how it was done:  
Under the blood-and-fire flag; 'tis  
a crink that the devil can't turn.

2 I once was as wild and as gay  
As a young lad,  
As any you'll find in a crowd,  
But now I'm saved, and by Jesus I  
freed.

Of the Salvation Army I'm proud,  
One night as I rolled down the street on  
a spree,  
The Army went marching along;  
They all seemed so happy and shouted  
with glee,  
And this was their wonderful song—

Oh, He pardoned a rebel like me,  
Oh, He pardoned a rebel like me,  
Oh, He's blessed to know that wherever I  
go,  
He's pardoned a rebel like me.

I followed the march and I entered the  
hall,  
And took it back sent by the door;  
They told me of Jesus, the Mighty to  
save.

But all this I'd oft heard before,  
I felt I was bound by the sin of my life,  
And wondered whatever I'd do;  
I looked at the crowd, they all shouted  
loud,  
"He'll pardon a rebel like you."

Oh, He'll pardon a rebel like you,  
Oh, He'll pardon a rebel like you,  
Just give up your sin and a new life  
begin,  
He'll pardon a rebel like you.

Then the Lord's Holy Spirit convicted me  
full,  
I bowled from my sin to be free;  
I felt myself lost, so I went to the Cross,  
When He saved a poor sinner like me.  
Now I tell of the Saviour who's mighty  
to save,  
Who keeps me from sin ever free;  
In the Salvation crowd I now shout very  
loud,  
"He's pardoned a rebel like me!"

Going Away from Christ To-Night!

Tune—Where is my boy to-night?  
Going away from Christ to-night,  
Away from His pleading voice;  
Going away to sin and shame,  
Oh, why not make Christ your choice?

Chorus.

Oh, why not get saved to-night?  
Oh, why not get saved to-night?  
For you He suffered that cruel death,  
Oh, why not get saved to-night?

Going away from Christ to-night,  
Away from your mother's God,  
Away from all that is pure and right,  
Away from the path she trod.

Going away from Christ to-night,  
To darkness and despair,  
Forgetting mother's prayers and tears,  
And thinking that no one cares.

(To be continued.)

## Second Chorus.

Your mother is praying for you,  
Your mother is praying for you,  
For you she is pleading before the  
Throne,  
Oh, why not get saved to-night?

There is hope for you, though you've  
gone astray,  
In paths so dark and drear,  
And God is willing just now to save  
And pardon your sin right here.

## Third Chorus.

Oh, come and get saved to-night!  
Oh, come and get saved to-night!  
In heaven the angels will rejoice,  
If you will get saved to-night.

## My Mother's Bible.

By W. RITCHIE, Kingston.

Tune—The cricket on the hearth.

4 All the binding's torn away, and  
leaves are worn and faded,  
And a verse is marked at every  
page I see;  
A corner here and there has by her dear  
hand been turned.

In the Bible that my mother read to me,  
When her eyes were getting dim sitting  
in the lamp-light glow,  
I fancy her dear form I now can see;  
For she found her joy on earth, and her  
hope of heaven above.

Chorus.

Oh, my mother's dear old Bible—blessed  
word of truth!  
Recollections fond it brings of happy  
days of youth,  
Oh, my mother's dear old Bible, lamp  
forever bright,  
Shedding on my pathway rays of Gospel  
light.

I often turn them o'er, those dear chap-  
ters that she read,  
When a little child I hung around her  
knee;  
And in sorrow's darkest hour many  
words of joy I find.

In the Bible that my mother read to me,  
And, although I wandered far from the  
paths I should have trod,  
I could never from the words she read  
get free;  
And wherever now I go, I can find a light  
to guide.

In the Bible that my mother read to me.

## Boundless Salvation.

Tune—My Jesus, I love Thee: He died  
at his post; The harvest is passing.

5 Oh, boundless salvation, deep ocean  
of love!  
Oh, fulness of mercy Christ brought  
from above,  
The whole world redeeming, so rich and  
so free,  
Now flowing for all men—come, roll over  
me!

Chorus.

The heavenly scales are blowing,  
The cleansing sea is flowing;  
Beneath its waves I'm going,  
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

My sins they are many, their stains are  
so deep,  
And bitter the tears of remorse that I  
weep,  
But useless is weeping, Thou great crim-  
inson sea,  
Thy waters can cleanse me; come, roll  
over me.

My tempers are fitful, my passions are  
strong,  
They blind my poor soul and they force  
me to wrong;  
Reneth Thy blessed billows deliverance I  
see,  
Oh, come, Mighty Ocean, and roll over  
me!

Now tossed with temptation, then haunt-  
ed with fears,  
My life has been joyous and useless for  
years;  
I feel something better most surely would  
be  
If once Thy pure waters would roll over  
me.

Oh, Ocean of Mercy, oft longing I've  
stood,  
On the brink of Thy wonderful, life-  
giving flood;  
Once more I have reached this soul-  
cleansing sea,  
I will not go back till it rolls over me.

The tide is now flowing, I'm touching the  
wave,  
I hear the loud call of "The Mighty to  
Save!"  
My faith's growing bolder—delivered I'll  
be,  
I plunge 'neath the waters—they roll  
over me.

And now, Hallelujah! the rest of my  
days  
Shall gladly be spent in promoting His  
praise  
Who opened His bosom to pour out this  
sea  
Of boundless salvation for you and for  
me!

## HELPS FOR J. S. WORKERS.

### Samuel the Judge.

1 Samuel vii. 3-7.

The Ark of the Lord Returns.

THE Philistines soon found that the  
Ark which seemed to be the Israel-  
ites' strength was only a source of  
weakness and terror to them. The image  
of their idol was smashed in pieces when  
the Ark was placed in the idol house,  
and they were only too glad to send it  
back to God's people. So they of Kirjath-  
Jearim gladly brought the Ark, and a  
man named Eliazar was especially sanc-  
tified to keep it. It takes sanctified peo-  
ple to keep sacred things. Only those  
who have "clean hands" and "pure  
hearts" can do God's will and service  
perfectly.

### Israel's Repentance.

After twenty years of sin and sorrow  
the Children of Israel began to seek the  
Lord. They had found out the hollow-  
ness of the pleasures of evil. Samuel,  
now grown to be a noble man, gave them  
wise counsel. He told them that if they  
really repented they would put away their  
gods. How far people are willing to  
go in their surrender of sin is always  
the test of their repentance.

### A Day of Mourning.

All the people gathered together in  
Mizpah while Samuel prayed with them.  
What a prayer that must have been as  
God's good servant poured out his heart  
felt pleadings on behalf of his erring  
brethren. That God listened we are sure.  
A good man's prayer is a wonderful  
power.

### The Philistines Follow.

Right up to their very place of peni-  
tence did their enemies follow the Chil-  
dren of Israel. This made the Israelites  
feel more frightened than ever, and they  
implored Samuel not to cease praying.  
How ready often people are to serve  
God when danger is near.

### God Forgives and Protects.

Despite their faults and faithless-ness  
God answered the petition, and mercifully  
delivered them once more out of the  
hands of their foes. Frightened with the  
thunder the Philistines were altogether  
defeated. Samuel did not forget to set up  
a mark of thanksgiving to the Lord in  
the stone Ebenezer with its beautiful  
meaning. He gave all the glory to God.

### A Time of Peace.

The time that Samuel judged Israel was  
a very peaceful one. The Philistines gave  
the Children of Israel no trouble for that  
space. God honors the life and work of a  
good man to the well-being of all under  
His control.

### Samuel, the Righteous Judge.

Samuel was such a good ruler for sev-  
eral reasons—first, because he laid, as  
we have already seen, Jesus Christ as  
early days to be ruled himself; second,  
because he knew what the will of God  
was and explained it fully and unambigu-  
ously to men; third, because he was  
never proud, but always gave God the  
first place and acknowledged his help;  
and we think there was a fourth reason,  
and very young. He had been a Junior  
before he got to be this mighty D. O.,  
with Bethel and Gilgal and Mizpah all  
in his circuit.

### QUESTIONS.

1. How did the Children of Israel get  
the Ark back again?
2. After twenty years of wrong-doing  
what happened?
3. Who prayed for them, and with  
what result?
4. What was the name of the stone of  
thanksgiving that Samuel set up, and  
what did it mean?
5. What kind of life did the people  
have while Samuel was their judge?
6. Give four reasons why he made such  
a good ruler?

### MEMORY TEXT.

"Hilbert hath the Lord helped us."

Christ Himself was sometimes angry.  
We need more of Christ's spirit in our  
day; not only more of His tenderness  
and sympathy, but more of His righteous  
indignation—the "wrath" as well as the  
meekness of the Lamb. We are too  
tolerant of wrong; and indulge in feeble  
complaints, judicious reproofs, and  
milk-and-water condemnation.

## OUR PLATFORM.

### MRS. ADJUTANT GREIGHTON ON SKELETONS.

#### And How They may be Raised Again into Mourners of Life.

I HAVE been impressed with a great  
barrier we have to fight against in  
our different corps, viz. heart back-  
sliding.

The words of Job, "Oh, that I were  
as in months past, as in the days when  
God preserved me when His bands  
shined upon my head, and when by His  
light I walked through darkness," seems  
to be the experience of many whether  
admitted by them or not.

#### Skeleton Remains may be Seen.

We are constantly meeting (in the  
spiritual sense) skeletons—remains of  
men and women of God who have once  
been strong, robust warriors of Jesus,  
who dared to live under the sneer of the  
world, who were the thought of be-  
lieved moved by public opinion, and de-  
lighted in sacrifice for the interests of  
God's kingdom—but who have disobeyed  
and come into decline.

#### All Corps.

They still maintain the profession, they  
go through a certain routine of duty,  
but it is a mere duty. The old love, the  
light is gone, the form is left but  
the power has fled.

They are sensitive, always being slight-  
ed, continually being trampled upon. In  
fact, corns all over their feet, opposing  
all that tends up to a whole-hearted  
sacrifice.

#### Neglect of Private Prayer.

Results shown have their cause—we  
trace them all back to disobedience of  
several sort.

It is not essential that a man should  
murder, steal, or gamble to backslide.  
It is often "the little foxes that spoil the  
vines." Neglect of private devotion,  
pleasing the flesh, holding on to some  
hidden treasure upon which the Spirit  
has given light, or perhaps striking the  
Cross, unwilling to leave all and follow  
Jesus, and thus they have broken the  
deed communion between their soul and  
God, and come to a standstill.

#### An Awful Record.

Like the electric car when it gets out of  
touch with the wire, The Divine electri-  
city is gone, they stop for thousands of  
poor souls to stumble over. Their testi-  
mony fails to grip their prayers, and  
unheard by the Lord and they become a  
dead weight to God's faithful ones, clog-  
ging the whole machinery.

#### A Pickable State.

Knee-drills have no charm for them,  
they drag out for the march better  
pleased if it has gone before they reach  
the barracks, very anxious for their  
meeting to close to get free for a  
prayer meeting is a tedious burden to  
them.

It costs them but little thought to  
throw off the great responsibility of  
perishing souls—their eyes are closed to  
the crowd of hungering, sin-sick ones  
who cry for help.

#### Dear Towards God, but Not to Him.

Instead of their ears being open to the  
voice of the dying, they stop to listen  
to the gossip, and fruit-finding, and back-  
biting of the indolent ones standing  
themselves, while others sink beside  
them. To my mind God will hold such  
responsible for the good they might have  
done had they lived up to their privileges.

#### How to get Back.

How may they get back again? Not  
by finding fault with others, nor looking  
themselves over, nor yet by becoming  
discouraged and sitting down in despair.  
The only way is "Repent and do the first  
works." Although humbling to the  
flesh to confess these things, it will pay  
to be honest.

#### Proclaim Soul, Act on this Advice.

The cries of the needy are coming from  
every side. Will you, backslidden one,  
rise up and tell the Master? Is the  
blood of souls be found upon your skirts.  
The man or woman who stands a hid-  
den in the workshop is going to perdition  
for the want of reality.

In vain they watch—nothing but empty  
form.

God can make the dry bones live.  
Draw near to Him, profess and He will  
restore to you the joy, peace and power  
of days gone by—HIS CANDLE SHALL  
SHINE UPON YOU AGAIN, AND YOU  
SHALL BE AS A LIGHTHOUSE TO  
STORM-TOSSED SOULS!

If you wish to sleep well, take a clear  
conscience to bed with you.

## Diamond Dust.

TRUTH is a dead certainty, yet it lives.

Unfailing prayer is prevailing prayer.

We must be proved in order to be improved.

He loses nothing who keeps God for his friend.

Live to learn, but don't forget to learn to live.

Better be stupidly honest than brilliantly dishonest.

The dew of grace fall during the night of sorrow.

Unrenewed sin is the secret of unanswered prayer.

Love is like a convex mirror—it broadens what we see in it.

The best secret-keeper is the one that does not know it.

Those who know when to speak know when to be silent.

Don't be anything politely that you can't be religiously.

Don't cover your neglected duties with the cloak of excuse.

Every man who sells the truth for gain is a brother to Judas.

## Thoughts from

## →Great Thinkers.

## The Temper Trouble.

Too many have no idea of the subjection of their temper to the influence of religion, and yet what is changed if the temper is not? If a man is as passionate, malicious, resentful, sulky, moody, or morose after his conversion as before it, what is he converted for or to? Now, to quicken our conscience on this subject, let us see the evil and cure of bad temper.

## If God be with Us.

Do not philosophize over your troubles; do not argue; do not ST. FRANCIS in all simplicity, God DE SALES will not let you perish while you are steadfast in your resolution. Let the world be turned upside down, let it be utter darkness, in smoke, in tumult, so long as God be with us; we know that on Sinai He was surrounded with thick darkness, with thunder and lightning, and He is still near to us.

## The Heavenly City.

And I heard in my dream, and lo! the bells of the city rung again for joy; and as they opened the gates to let in the men, I looked in after them, and lo! the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and men walked on them, harps in their hands, to sing praises without; and after that they shut up the gates which when I had seen I wished myself among them.

## Meekness is Bravery.

Patience is the truest sign of courage. Ask old soldiers, who have seen real war, and they will tell you that the bravest men, the men who endured best, not in mere fighting, but in standing still for hours to be mowed down by cannon shot; who were most patient and cheerful in shipwreck and starvation and defeat—all those things ten times worse than fighting; ask old soldiers, I say, and they will tell you that the men who showed best in such miseries were generally the stillest, meekest men in the whole regiment. That is true fortitude; that is Christ's image—the meekest of men, and the bravest, too.

## A Mother's Bitter Cry.

MAJOR BAUGH.

ONE of the most sorrowful events in my field experience took place just after I took charge of my first corps.

A young man attended our meetings night after night, and sat over on the left side of the barracks, away back; not right amongst the roughs, nor yet with the soldiers, but he refused to come to the platform and yet he could not stay away from the barracks altogether.

When spoken to he said the reason for his not doing so, was that some of the soldiers had not treated him rightly.

He would neither testify nor take any part in the meetings. His mother was a blessed woman and one of our best soldiers; his father, a bookseller from the Prim-

he was safe I would not care, but his life has not been what it should have been of late."

The backslidden father cried, "It's my fault. If I had been what I should, this would never have happened."

A few days later Captain Lawley (now Colonel Lawley) and myself buried him, and as we stood by the grave the mother groaned out, "Oh, where has he gone to?" and fainted.

We got her to the coach and took her home unconscious.

The young wife, nearly beside herself, the father nearly as bad, with the solemn question, "Where has he gone to?" unanswered all the day when we must all appear before the Judgment Seat.

The mother's hair was whiter, and the furrows in her forehead deeper, the last time I saw her, but the husband had got saved, and is trying to live so that his friends might know where he had gone to when called to die.

READER, WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO?

(Our Special Favorites Series.)

## THE PRODIGAL BOY'S MESSAGE TO HIS MOTHER.

BY ADJUTANT BARR, NEW WHATCOM,

(War Cry Hymns will find this a useful song for singing in saloons.—Ed.)

Tune—"Just Tell Them that You Saw Me."

OH, angels while you're travelling with news to Heaven  
A message kindly take up there for me, [above,  
Somewhere near the portals of that blessed home of love,  
A mother clad in garments white you'll see.  
She lovingly is waiting there to greet her wayward boy,  
Who used in days gone by in sin to roam,  
Just tell her that you saw me filled with Salvation joy,  
Tell her that her boy is coming home.

CHORUS

Tell her that you saw me with comrades true, and good,  
Tell her that my sins are washed away,  
Tell her that I'm helping get sinners to the Blood,  
And that I'm having victory every day.

Tell her that when wandering afar from God and right,  
I ne'er forgot her loving prayers and tears,  
Where'er I went they followed me, and pleaded day and  
Until I brought to Christ the sins of years. [night,  
His bleeding wounds, His thorn-crowned brow, His love  
they broke my heart.

No more in sin's dark path I long to roam,  
Oh, tell her that you saw me, for heaven I've made a start,  
Tell her that her boy is coming home.

Tell her when the fighting's done, I'll clasp her hand again,  
And gaze once more upon her lovely face,  
Then with the blood washed warriors with Jesus we shall reign,

And praise Him for His wondrous matchless grace.  
There sorrow never rends the heart, there tears are wiped  
There pain and death and partings never come, [away,  
Just tell her that you saw me, that I am on the narrow way,  
Tell her that her boy is coming home.

## A Murdered Son and a Broken-Hearted Mother.

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.—Solomon.

SOME time ago a murder was committed near Winnipeg.

The young man who was murdered was engaged as a porter at one of the houses of ill-fame near the city.

A letter had been received from Mrs. W. E. Burton by the Winnipeg "Tribune," which the mother wishes to have published for the benefit of the community. We reublish the letter, in the hope that the oft-repeated injunction to avoid bad company may be, if possible, more impressive than ever. The letter is as follows:—

"Pittsburg, U.S.A., State of Pennsylvania, June 2, 1883.

"To the Editor of the Tribune.

"Sir,—Allow me space in your paper to let the people of your city know that William E. Burton, that was shot down

in cold blood on the 2nd of May, was born of a Christian mother. I thank my boy up in the church and Sunday school, and had hoped that he would be an ornament to society and a credit to his race; but his bad company brought him to his death. Had my dear boy taken my advice and shunned evil companions, he would not have come in contact with that degenerate man. I have ever prayed for the conversion of my boy. He had natural God-given gifts. I prayed that he might come to Christ and consecrate those talents to His service. I hope the assassin will be dealt with according to the law of Canada.

"I trust the day will come when every disreputable house in Canada and the United States of America will be wiped out of existence.

"The thought of my son being ported in a house of ill-fame almost kills me. I trust the young men of the community will take warning and shun these localities. He was born in Harrisburg, State of Pennsylvania, United States of America, November 9th, 1866. He was 22 years old at the time of his death.

MRS. REBECCA ALDRIDGE  
Mother of Deceased.

28 Ward, Pittsburg.  
Publish for the benefit of the community.

## Capital Choruses.

FOR USE BY EVERY SINGING SALVATIONIST, AT THE FREE AND EASY MEETINGS.

They never came back, they never came back,  
The sins that I suffer'd of yore;  
He washed them away on that happy day,  
To be brought 'gainst me no more.

Friendship with Jesus  
Fellowship divine,  
Oh what blessed sweet communion  
Jesus is a Friend of mine.

Oh the best friend to have is Jesus  
The best friend to have is Jesus  
He will hear you when you call  
He will help you lest you fall  
Oh the best friend to have is Jesus

If the cross we boldly bear,  
Then the crown we shall wear,  
We shall dwell with Jesus there  
In the bright forevermore.

Jesus is mine,  
Jesus is mine,  
Jesus does satisfy  
Jesus is mine.

God's love can never fail,  
Never fail, never fail,  
God's love can never fail,  
No I never fail.

Oh, what a Redeemer is Jesus, my Saviour,  
Forgiving my sins and bearing all my woe.  
Oh, what a Redeemer is Jesus, my Saviour,  
Proclaiming my liberty and washing me  
white as snow.

Roll'd away! Roll'd away!  
Oh, the burden of my heart,  
Of my heart roll'd away!

Down at the fountain flowing to free,  
Jesus is sweetly speaking to me,  
Lifting the burden up from my soul,  
Bidding my spirit rise and be whole

The cross is not greater than His grace,  
The storm cannot hide His blessed face;  
I am satisfied to know that with Jesus here  
below  
I shall conquer every foe.

A wonderful Saviour is Jesus,  
Saving my soul, making me whole;  
A wonderful Saviour is Jesus,  
I've proved He is mighty to save.

I will love Thee, Saviour!  
Take my heart forever;  
Nothing but Thy favor  
My soul can satisfy.

I'm believing and receiving,  
I'm believing and receiving,  
I'm believing and receiving

As I to the river go;  
And my heart its waves are cleansing,  
And my heart its waves are cleansing,  
And my heart its waves are cleansing  
Whiter than the driven snow.

Joy! Joy! wonderful joy!  
Peace, peace, naught can destroy!  
Love, love, so boundless and free!  
All these my Lord gives unto me.

When faith is driven into a corner it is sure to find God there.

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